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TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. III.

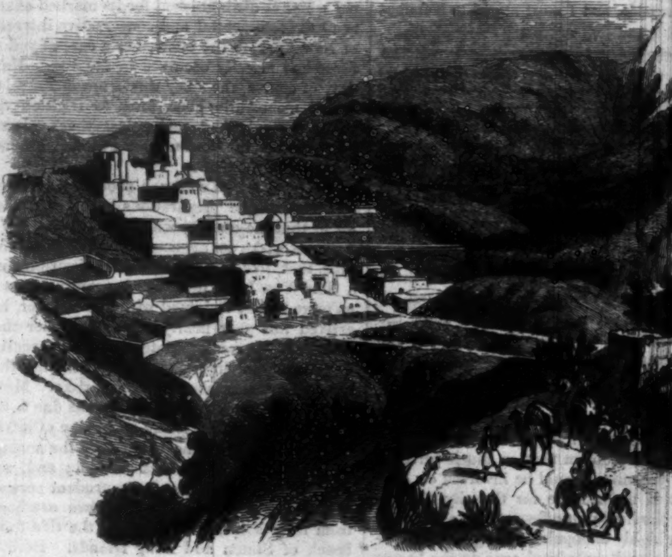
(From our own Correspondent.)

A Storm.—The Brook Kedron,—Walk to Bethany.—Tomb of Lazarus.—The Way of the Wilderness.—Engeddi.—Convent of Saint Saba.—The Fleas.—The Convent-bell.

A TREMENDOUS storm of wind and rain keeps me in my tent to-day, all day long. Let me tell you there is no more gloomy spot on earth than the Valley of Jehoshaphat in a rain-storm. Deep down between the Mount of Olives and the hill Moriah, the wind now dashes furiously through it, as if the fiends were driving the damned—as saith Mohammedan tradition they will one day, when the Prophet shall have judged them on the Temple mound above—and then, when all is still, silent, solemn, and calm in the valley, I can hear, far up, over the walls of the temple, the moan of the storm, like the voice of offended Nature solemnly declaring the vengeance of its God.

The swollen stream of the Kedron is yellow with clay. My shivering Arabs are crouched under the canvas of the servants' tent, half sleeping, half quarreling; and I am seated on a camp-stool, my canvas pinned down around, and earth heaped over the edges, to keep out the streams that come dashing down the Mount of Olives, and— I was interrupted by the irruption of one of those same streams, which found its way under the edge of the tent, and threatened to carry us away, bag and baggage, but which my men have successfully directed into its proper channel, so that all is again warm and dry and close. A tent like mine, in such a tempest as this, is not to be laughed at, let me tell you. John Steenburger is gone up to Jerusalem, of course. He finds it more comfortable in Zammit's house, where our friends yet linger, and he deserts me without hesitation.

I am by no means contented with his adventure a few evenings since with the guard at St. Stephen's Gate, and I am anticipating hourly the intelligence that he has a knife in his side, or has got into another row with the surly and savage men of the Pasha's army.



BETHANY.

Permit me—if I can keep myself dry, and my paper in condition long enough—to kill this morning with a brief sketch of my chief adventures within the past week.

You will understand, without the necessity of description, that no day is sufficiently long for its employments here. Jerusalem is an inexhaustible city. Every inch of its ground, within and without the walls, is holy ground. But I shall not at present describe the city. In fact, I have gone into it very little indeed, spending most of my time, on horseback or on foot, in its environs. In my former visit I devoted so much time to the city within the walls, that I have less anxiety now to see its various places of interest than such spots as the sides of the Mount of Olives, Bethany, Bethlehem, the Wilderness of Engeddi, and the hundred other places which you will recall without my naming them.

I have been over the hill to Bethany half a dozen times already. Often in the morning, rising early, and taking my coffee hot from the hands of my servant, I climb the Mount of Olives, and walk swiftly along the winding ridge, and down to the old home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, seeing the sun rise lovingly over it, and then return to breakfast and a day's work about the city.

Three days ago we all went to Bethany together—that is to say, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Warren, Steenburger, and myself. Did I mention in a former letter that these are the American party we met at Jaffa?

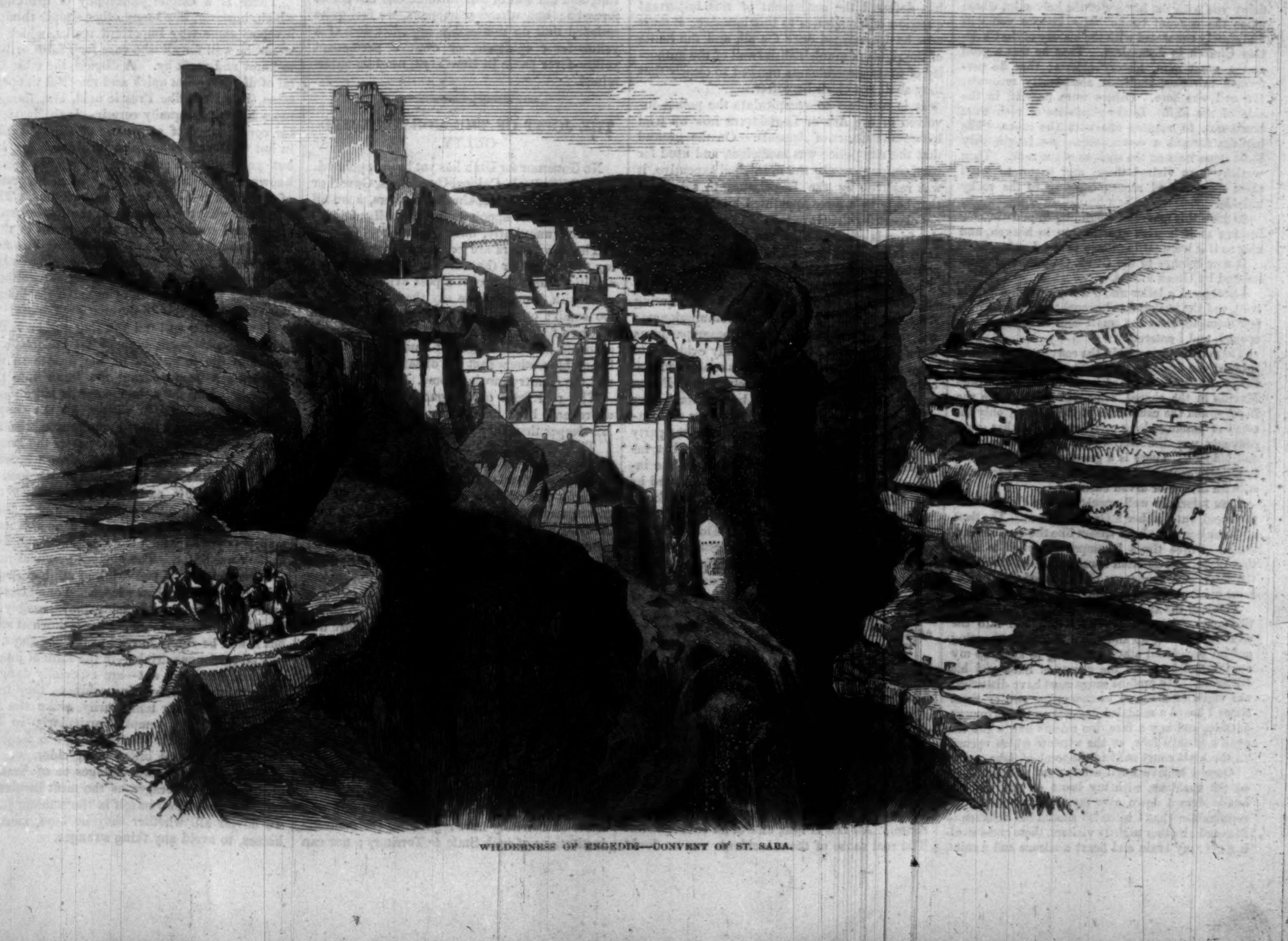
The ladies were on donkeys, and we on foot. We went over the crest of the Mount of Olives. You know that Bethany lies but a short walk from Jerusalem—perhaps two miles—on the eastern slope of the hills which are called the Mount of Olives. I was here once with a friend, who used to say that that walk is the saddest and the holiest walk on all this earth. How often trodden by those weary feet that bore our heavy load! Morning and evening, going out and coming in to the city, He passed this way. On it He bade the fig-tree wither; on it He mounted the ass's colt for His only triumphal march on earth; at the one extremity of it was the home of Mary and Martha and the tomb of Lazarus, at the other the Cross and Tomb; and somewhere along it is the dust He shook from his feet on the earth that had rejected him, as He ascended to His throne. Sad and sublime path from Jerusalem to Bethany! Above it angels hover forever, worshiping the tears that dropped all along it from the sad eyes of the Man of Sorrows.

I am a man of very little religion. I admit it, humbly. But here—on this pathway—I am a devout and earnest worshiper, and at Bethany I am a weeping penitent.

The old village lies in ruins. A deep, dark vault on the side of the hill, into which you descend by a flight of stone steps, does duty as the tomb of Lazarus. I know no reason to doubt its correctness. Some such place here he occupied, and perhaps he slept in this again after his Saviour was gone whither he followed him. We sat down on the ground, in a shady lane or road that runs down the hillside, in the edge of which is the tomb; and here, as a thousand travelers have done, we read over in our Bibles the beautiful story of the brother of Mary and Martha.

The day wore on, and we forgot the approach of noon. The sun went westward, and we lingered. Could you but have seen how sadly splendid was Jerusalem in the sight of the setting sun when we came back over Olivet!

The next day I was off alone for the Wilderness



WILDERNESS OF ENGEDDI—CONVENT OF ST. SABA.

of Engeddi and the Convent of Saint Saba. Steenburger was tired out—that is to say, Miss Warren was tired, and John was sympathetic.

It was a delicious day for the road. All down the bed of the Kedron it was fresh and grand, wild-flowers *starring* out on us every where. There are splendid varieties of anemone all over the hills of Palestine.

Following the Kedron down some ten or twelve miles to the southeast, we reached a spot where it suddenly began to descend rapidly between lofty and precipitous sides. Instead of descending with it, I found a road cut in the cliff on the south side of the ravine, along which I rode, while the stream continued to descend deeper and deeper, the gorge growing more dark, profound, and magnificent, until it became several hundred feet deep, I will not attempt to guess how many, but not less than four hundred I think it safe to say; the sides abrupt, bare rock, nearly perpendicular, the top only a short rifle-shot across. And now I knew that I was in the wilderness of Engeddi, which has been famed in all ages.

My mare snuffed the desert atmosphere, and threw her head into the air with the utmost delight. The odors of the city had not been pleasant to her, and she had been stabled night after night in the vacant tomb of a wealthy Jew of old times in the Valley of Tombs.

Houssein met old friends as we entered the gorge. There was an Arab of the Jordan Ghor—a sheik with two or three followers—who eyed us suspiciously as we approached; for I had not seen fit to make any arrangements or pay any tribute for protection to his tribe, trusting as usual to my general acquaintance with Bedouins, and knowledge of their manners and habits, to enable me to pass safely. Houssein recognized our present friend as a notorious camel-thief, to whom he owed somewhat—as Arabs owe debts to Arabs—in the way of revenge.

A guttural grunt, not unlike that of a North American Indian, was the only salutation as they passed each other; and when the chief came to me, lounging along a dozen rods behind Houssein, he paid no attention whatever to my "Salaam Aleikoum;" whereby I knew him for an enemy. It mattered little, however, for one Frank is the full equal of four Bedouins, and there were no more of them. But it behooved me to look to myself on the way back to Jerusalem.

A little further on we came to a point where the left, or ravine side of the road, was walled up by a stout wall extending along the ridge, descending into its depressions, and flanked by two high stone towers. This is the top of the Convent of St. Saba, which hangs on the precipice from its summit two-thirds of the way down the ravine, and there impends over the abyss below.

It is one of the most remarkable places in the world. Its origin is easily explained. In early Christian days, when monachism began to prevail, and when the idea that sanctity was to be attained by a hermit's life gained ground in the Church, the wilderness of Engeddi offered special inducements to the devotee. It was as it now is, a wild, bleak country; mountains broken up by deep ravines, destitute of food for man, almost destitute of food for wild beasts. In the sides of the deep ravine of the Kedron were numerous small grottoes and caverns. They abound in this country. In these many hermits found shelter. I will not delay you with the history of the holy saint whose name the convent bears. His history you will find closely connected with the history of the Christian Church in Jerusalem. That he was a good and a great man, history attests; that he performed miracles, tradition abundantly recounts. His cell was here. Others were near it, in the side of the cliff. Little platforms of rock were hewn out, to connect one with the other. The hermits formed a community. At length they built stone huts on the shelves of the rock. Then wealthy men visited them, and began to build them chapels and rooms, clinging to the rocky hillside.

So grew this marvelous building in mid-air, now looking as if it were growing up to heaven, and now as if it were falling down to the depths.

It now belongs to the Greek Church, and is inhabited by Greek monks.

I presented a letter under a high window in the wall, and the basket was lowered to receive it. A few moments later the small door in the wall was opened, and I entered.

There is nothing within the convent that I could interest you by describing. The tomb of the saint, the grotto, a cave full of bones of hermits, a fine Murillo in the chapel, some odd old books in the library, and the usual cells of the monks; only instead of passing along corridors, as in other great convents, you climbed from one to another by stairs and ladders. There is a guest-chamber, as usual, in Eastern convents. It is a large room, surrounded with divans or divan cushions.

I am tolerably well accustomed to Oriental experiences, but I abhor a Greek convent. The fleas of Greek convents have spears like the men of Marathon. Three times I composed myself to sleep that night, and as often sprang into the middle of the floor, as a new army of the blood-thirsty villains made an attack on me.

Think of me alone in that large guest-chamber, the moon shining down the ravine and into the windows, pacing up and down the room, shouting out an occasional stave of a song to keep up my spirits, and keep out the ghosts of Saba and his followers. My profane songs must have disturbed the vigils of the good brothers; for two or three times I heard a sandaled foot-fall on the pavement outside, and saw a face, too solemn and white for even a ghost's face, at the window which opened on the little court next to the tomb of Saba.

Once I believe I fell asleep; for as I lay there on the cushions, with my boots on and my *tarbouche* drawn down over my forehead with a determination that I intended should bid defiance to fleas and all other nightly visitors, there came stealing over my brain and heart a silence and a calm, delicious and holy, which I have not words to describe. And then a dream took possession of my soul. I was a boy in the dear land of home, and the breath of a summer Sunday morning was on my forehead. I walked down that shady lane where the elm-trees meet overhead, and the glory of the day scarcely prevails to reach the ground through the green leaves. And then over the hills came, clear and musical, the bell from the old church on the green; and I walked on till I came to the church door, and the old bell pealed overhead as I went up among the graves, and so I passed on into the church and—

How swift are dreams! I could have slept but an instant, and the convent-bell was ringing for midnight mass, and I was awake again. But I had dreamed gloriously. I would go down to Saint Saba again to-night, spite of Bedouins and fleas, could I hope for such a dream once more. I am a far wanderer, and it is long since my weary feet walked that old country road.

I went into the dim chapel and prayed with the monks. The scene was picturesque, but I was sleepy. Morning found me in the same condition.

Will you pardon me for breaking off this letter abruptly? There is a terrible row among my Arabs outside, and I must attend to it immediately.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1857.

OUR MUNICIPAL AGONIES.

OUR neighbors, North, South, West, and East, are watching with considerable interest the progress of the Municipal Drama, of which the last Act is now being performed by the Court of Appeals. Among the country papers there is some difference of opinion, growing out of party prejudices; but, as a general rule, the municipal authorities of this city seem to enjoy a preponderance of general sympathy throughout the country. A general idea prevails that New York is struggling for civic freedom against a hostile and arbitrary rural community.

It is unfortunate for the satisfactory solution of the pending problem that so much personal and party prejudice should be involved on both sides. It is unfortunate for the city that its champion should be an officer whose career has made him highly unpopular among a large section of his constituents, and even in the bosom of his own political party. And it is still more to be regretted, perhaps, that the course of the Legislature, which is the antagonist of the city, should have attracted general contempt; and that the State Executive should have justified the strictures of his bitterest opponents by openly yielding to party that which ought to have been secured for the public good.

For the question at issue, though presenting points well calculated to stir the blood of republicans, is in reality one of mere legal character. The point to be decided is simply—Where shall the boundary-line between the authority of the State and that of the city be drawn? Accident has deferred the settlement of this important question of boundaries to this late day; it must now be determined once for all, and the limits of the rights of municipalities and of the authority of State governments marked so clearly that they shall not clash hereafter.

It is needless to recapitulate the points involved in the Act of Legislature now on trial before the Court of Appeals. On the ground that the city police was inefficient, and used for partisan purposes by the municipal executive, it was resolved by the Legislature to supersede that body by a force appointed by Commissioners chosen by the Governor. It was argued by the friends of the bill, when it was before the Legislature, that this transfer of the police appointments to the Governor would divest them of political character. Governor King has taken care to dispose of this theory, by appointing strong partisans to the office of Commissioners; and they, in like manner, have chosen partisans to be policemen. We have already evidence to show that, so far as partisanship is concerned, the only difference between the Metropolitan Police and the Municipal Police will be that the former will be partisans of the party in power at Albany, while the latter may be partisans of the party in power here. The notion, therefore, that, independently of legal questions of right, the interests of life and property would be served by the substitution of the new for the old force, must be abandoned, and the mind left free to grapple with the naked question—Does the Constitution of this State justify the State Government in administering, or appointing others to administer, any part of the city government, in derogation of city charters, and in defiance of the wishes of the people of the city, as legally expressed through their representatives?

That is the question which the Court of Appeals is now called upon to decide.

It would be well for the public, who are interested in the problem, to divest their minds of collateral considerations bearing on the persons who are the instruments of the quarrel. Sensation has been created during the week by a mock heroic combat between the two sets of rival policemen; we have had a farce at the City Hall, with barricades, and armed garrisons, and sorties, and storming-parties, and other nonsense. All this is idle, and of no consequence. The real cause of these incidents was no doubt the desire of aspiring politicians to gain notoriety. The Mayor might be arrested fifty times without advancing the question a hair's-breadth toward a solution; nor can his flirtation with the Sheriff and Recorder gain any point or prove any thing but the thoughtlessness of all parties concerned. Nothing matters, in this conflict, but the judgment of the Court of Appeals. If the Court rules that the State is justified in superseding our police by a force of its own, the Mayor will interpose no objection to the execution of the law so far as it can be executed; if, on the contrary, the law is nullified, or that clause of it which substitutes the Metropolitan for the Municipal Police, we presume that Governor King's Commissioners will avail themselves of an early opportunity to beg pardon of this community for the disorder and commotion they have occasioned.

YELLOW-FEVER PANICS.

A CROAK was set up last week by a daily journal which is distinguished for its marked enmity to the commercial and conservative interests of New York, to the effect that a case of yellow fever had already occurred in the city. Next day, of course, the story was contradicted; but it had meanwhile gone forth to frighten the country people and revive last year's alarm. Our friends in Boston and Philadelphia are making the most of it.

We have talked so much about yellow fever, and such ample preparations have been made for it, that the country will be disappointed if it does not make its appearance. We fear, however, that, like the comet, it will disappoint us.

The West India fleet, which usually comes to us more or less freighted with yellow fever, has arrived this year nearly a month earlier than usual. Last summer's detentions at Quarantine were no small injury to the merchants; they are chary, this season, of running risks. Moreover, the mischief done last year was due to two clear causes: First, to the anchorage of infected vessels so near the shore that the malaria was wafted from the deck to land; and, secondly, to the gathering, by imprudent persons, of bedding and other stores thrown overboard from fever ships, and driven by the tide to the beach of Staten and Long Islands. Both of these causes are efficiently foreseen and provided against this year. No yellow-fever ship will anchor this season so near to land that by any possibility the infection can be communicated to the shore: the station selected by the Health Officer is far out of reach of human beings. And as to infected waifs and estrays, in the first place, yellow-fever bedding will be burned, not thrown overboard; and, in the next place, policemen will be especially charged with the duty of preventing the gathering of any suspicious articles from the sea-beach.

It is true that a great mistake has been made in the selection of a place for the new Quarantine, and the end of that mistake can not yet be foreseen; but, whatever happens, we feel quite satisfied that no reasonable apprehension of a yellow-fever epidemic, or even a permanent yellow-fever panic in New York, need be entertained.

THE JOINT OF THE MORMON DIFFICULTY.

No Governor for Utah has yet been appointed. Major M'Culloch, Colonel Cummings, Governor Thomas, General Hopkins, and others, have all been offered the appointment, and all, with remarkable unanimity, have declined.

The newspapers are energetically endeavoring to account for the unwillingness of so many ambitious men to accept a post evidently pregnant with fame. Some say that the salary is too small; others that the military expedition will be a failure; others that the service—being a hostile movement against Americans—is dishonorable; others that the distance is too great, and the country unwholesome.

The real joint of the question has not, we apprehend, been touched by these writers. It lies deeper than they imagine.

The Governor of the Territory of Utah will be instructed—as all territorial governors are—to carry out the laws of the United States, *and the duly-enacted laws of the Territory.* Now, monogamy is not a law of the United States. Marriage is a domestic institution, which the people of each State regulate for themselves: neither Congress nor the Federal Executive can interfere with the laws of a State on the subject of marriage. On the other hand, polygamy is an institution recognized by the territorial enactments of Utah. The territorial Legislature will undoubtedly pass any quantity of laws recognizing polygamy, and giving full force to the obligations it involves. These laws it will be the duty of the Governor of Utah to enforce.

Herein lies the real joint of the problem. The people of Utah are bent on being polygamists; the people of the United States abhor polygamy. But neither the people of the United States, nor their representatives in Congress, nor their representative at the White House, possess the power, under the Constitution, of dictating to a State or Territory laws regulating the domestic institutions of such State or Territory; nor can the territorial Governor appointed by the President evade the duty of enforcing territorial laws, however grievously they may offend his judgment and that of the country at large. This, at least, is the reading of the Constitution which prevails at present.

It is very easy to abuse the Mormons, and say that they must be put down; but the difficulties in the way of a practical solution of the problem are quite sufficient to account for the reluctance of men of mark to accept the office of Governor.

A CHANCE FOR PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, we see, has given notice of a motion to inquire into the state of the Papal prisons. A few years ago the same Lord John Russell wrote such a manly letter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, respecting his treatment of the Madiai, that that valet of Austria was scared even out of his tyrannical oppressions. More recently still the embassadors of England and France withdrew from Naples, because the King of the Two Sicilies insisted on practicing the most unheard-of barbarities on his own subjects.

Now, what had Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston to do with the people of Rome, or Tuscany, or Naples? No more than we have to do with the people of England. Yet their disinterested position did not close their mouths; and who doubts but their generous utterance has been productive of good?

We should like to hear of President Buchanan interfering, in a like peaceable, effective manner, in behalf of the oppressed in foreign countries. A calm appeal to the sovereigns of Austria, the Papal States, and Naples, on behalf of their imprisoned, tortured, outraged subjects, coming from the Chief Magistrate of this Republic, could not, we think, be wholly fruitless. From the United States—whose pacific policy is notorious—such an appeal could not be construed as a menace; and what a glorious thing it would be to be the means of striking off the fetters or opening the prison-doors of some of the gallant patriots who languish in Austrian and Italian jails! Washington's appeal on behalf of Lafayette is surely a precedent to be imitated.

HOT-WEATHER DRINKS.

"CLARET for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes!" bellowed out Dr. Johnson one day when in high jinks. If the old philosopher's dictum holds good, there need be a plentiful supply of heroes these hot days. We fancy, however, if Johnson had the passing of the brandy-bottle, there would be fewer glasses to fill. Hero or no hero, brandy or other strongly spirituous drink had better be avoided, at any rate during the hot weather.

There is a simple philosophy of drinking, which, however, like many other simple things, involves some very important truths, which it would be well for all who care for health or life to know and profit by. A disease, the most fatal of diseases—not quick and merciful in operation, it is true, like Prussic acid, but, though more lingering, equally certain—is the inevitable consequence of a free use of strong drinks in hot weather. The Strasburg geese get it; but geese though they be, they were never known to take it voluntarily. Men, however, of their own free-will become its victims. The disease is what the doctors call the "drunkard's liver," and consists of the enlargement of that organ, and the change of its structure into fat. It becomes, in fact, the very same thing as the *foie gras* served up in the famous Strasburg pie—very pleasant to enjoying man doubtless, but not so agreeable to the martyred goose.

The chemists will tell you that carbon is the principal constituent both of fat and alcohol, and that the formation of the former in the liver comes from pouring the latter into the stomach. This fatty change occurs more readily in summer than in winter, for the simple reason that during the former season, the atmosphere being rarer, less air enters the lungs. Now it is the oxygen of the air we breathe which combines with the carbon of the food or drink we swallow, and if there is more of the carbon, as there always is in strong alcoholic beverages, than can be disposed of in this way, a surplus is left, which is deposited in the liver in the form of fat. The obvious practical rule, then, is to drink, if you drink at all, less strong drinks in summer than winter. Your glass of brandy or tumbler of toddy may possibly be harmless when the thermometer is down at zero, but it will be surely hurtful in the dog-days.

Iced spirituous drinks—in the form of juleps, cobblers, and what not—are especially dangerous, as, by their refreshing coldness, they temporarily, and only temporarily, slake the hot thirst, and thus tempt, particularly in hot weather—the worst possible time—to frequent indulgence. Light bitter beer, cider, or the mild wines of our own vintages or of France, are as strong beverages as the most inveterate toper should allow himself in the summer; and we advise all, whether they be boys, men, or heroes, to avoid any thing stronger.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

As a traveler was going into Constantinople, he met the Plague coming out.

"Well," said the traveler, "you've had a busy time of it!"

"Not so busy," answered the Plague.

"How, not so busy! Haven't you slain some sixty thousand?"

"No! no! I only destroyed some twenty thousand. Fear killed the rest."

This is a popular fable among the imaginative people of the East, by which they illustrate their belief in the influence of fear in increasing the havoc of the terrible epidemic to which they are exposed. The Oriental imagination, however ordinarily given to exaggeration, does not in this instance much overstep the truth. It is a scientific fact that, whatever may be the original cause of those occasional pestilences which afflict the human family, the affliction is in all cases aggravated by fright.

From the mysterious and intimate relations between mind and body, there is not a perception, thought, or emotion of the one which is not accompanied by a physical change in the other. Sterne says, humorously, and philosophically, too: "Body and mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other." The moral emotions, in their influence upon the body, are the most powerful of all. Of these some are stimulating and others depressing in their effects; and while the former, such as hope, in temperate action, are invigorating and healthful, the latter, such as fear, are under all circumstances weakening and unwholesome. The bright eye—the warm flush—the strong arm—the vigorous step—health, in fact, belongs to the one. The dim sight—the pale face—the cold sweat—the trembling limbs—disease, in fine, is characteristic of the other.

With this unquestioned and unquestionable fact of the prostrating effect of fear upon the body, and its positive influence in the production of disease, it behooves us all, during seasons of possible epidemic, whether it come in the form of cholera or yellow fever, to present a bold face against an enemy whose lance of death is ever aimed at the coward's heart. But how keep up your courage, it may be well asked, when the press, eager to sell its daily two-pennyworth—which, like the drunkard's dram, must be strong, or it won't be taken—is constantly sounding an alarm, in order to keep up that constitutional excitement of our people which makes them so athirst for stimulants, whether it be bad liquor or worse reading?

We do not believe in the policy of attempting to suppress the facts on the actual coming of an epidemic, with a view to prevent an excitement; for the very object intended is defeated by an effort which, proving necessarily fruitless, will only increase alarm. We do, however, insist, for the sake of the public health, that the daily press should confine itself to the facts whenever it has them, and certainly not make them when it hasn't, and neither by exaggeration of remark nor prominence of announcement create an epidemic of fear, which is more fatal in its effects than any other known pestilence.

Whether the press takes our advice or not, we would wish the public to understand what science teaches and experience proves, that neither cholera, yellow fever, nor plague are so murderous as fear, and that more than one-half of those who die during an epidemic are *frightened to death!*

CHAT.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

YANKEE enterprise, like Nature, abhors a vacuum, and consequently pervades all space. It is here, it is there, it is every where. Like the wind blowing where it listeth, after sweeping the wide continent of America in its restless movement, it is away in a whirl encircling the rest of the world. You hear it puffing, and blowing, and rustling like a tempest the dead leaves of the decayed civilization of Europe; you feel it refreshing the close atmosphere of a stifling conventionalism, and you breathe freer, and look forward to a brighter prospect.

There is a stir in American energy which so quickens the blood that the most inanimate revive under its influence. It is the only hope for that sick man, Turkey, whom Russia took in charge, and might possibly have done something with if it had not had its hands full in tending to its own case, in obedience to the precept "Physician cure thyself."

The Americans have been called in at last, and when they have succeeded, as they surely will, in putting the Russian doctor on his legs, there may be some chance for the Turkish patient. By the latest accounts Sebastopol, with the aid of Yankee art and enterprise, had already thrown off some of the heavy load which it had gulped down in its fright. Several of the men-of-war are said to be already up and afloat, and a steamer, which had hid itself so long in the mud of Sebastopol harbor from the rage of France and Britain, is now steaming about the Black Sea, all taut and trim, thanks to Boston enterprise.

When, by-the-by, are we to make ready for that promised visit of the Duke Constantine, who, emulous of the royal shipwright Peter the Great, is determined to learn all he can about ships and ship-building? He is known to have expressed a desire to see Jonathan in his own workshop at home, whose acquaintance he has found so advantageous abroad; and having driven a nail at Toulon, and handled an adze at Portsmouth, it may not be long before he takes a lesson from our ship-carpenters.

FOREIGN GOLD IN YANKEE POCKETS.

It is not so surprising to find American ingenuity picking up a job in semi-barbarous Russia, but who would have expected to see it driving such a thriving business in those centres of civilization, Paris and London? There is the single example, out of a hundred, of the India rubber manufacturers, with their half dozen great establishments, and an annual product, in shoes alone, of three million pairs, who are already so rich and magnificent that a London partner, with his country seats, his West End house, his suburban villa, and his stud of blood-horses, vies in display and luxury with the wealthiest duke in Britain; and hither came, in the *Vanderbilt* but the other day, one of the Parisian partners, able to jingle his gold and swell in the Fifth Avenue with the most expansive and sonorous of them all. Nor is it Yankee trade alone that is so cunning in emptying foreign gold into American pockets. Yankee science is no less clever in finding out the ways and means of enriching itself at European expense.

A YANKEE DOCTOR AND ENGLISH FEES.

In connection with the melancholy affliction of our native sculptor, Crawford, Dr. Fell has been mentioned as his medical attendant, and the inquiry is constantly made, Who is this Dr. Fell? This gentleman is one of the most striking illustrations of American success abroad. Some two years since a young doctor, a native of New Jersey and a graduate of the New York University, after a few years of hard struggle in this city, ending in an exhausted patience and an empty purse, arrived in London. There he was in the great city, without a friend and almost without a shilling; but he had a scrap of paper in his pocket-book, which he trusted would prove to him better than a letter of credit on Rothschilds or Baring. This was a simple prescription for the treatment of cancer, picked up somewhere among the old women of his native Jersey, for which, however, Dr. Fell is said to have paid, when he got the money, some fifteen hundred dollars. With true Yankee self-reliance he presents himself at the Middlesex Hospital, where he hears there is a special endowment and a ward for the treatment of cancer. Looking on for a while at the unsuccessful attempts of English medical science, and hearing its avowed despair over its failures, the young Yankee doctor at last startles the Esculapians of Middlesex with the confident declaration that he could cure what they pronounced to be incurable. They shook their heads, knitted their brows, and eyed him suspiciously. He was nothing daunted; and, with his wide-awake eyes, gave a glance of confidence for theirs of distrust, and answered their repeated doubts with the bold assertion that *he could cure cancer, and was prepared to prove it.* Day after day London science blundered on with its failures, confounding hope and encouraging despair, while Yankee confidence stood by boldly declaring that *it could cure cancer, and was prepared to prove it.*

To this day, perhaps, the patients of Middlesex might have continued to suffer and die; for London physicians, like Molière's doctor, are very apt to think that it is better (for their patients) to die according to art than live in spite of it, had not some of the non-professional governors of the hospital heard of Yankee confidence's assertions, and insisted upon its being allowed to try its hand where regular science confessed its powerlessness. The result was, that the Cancer Ward of the Middlesex Hospital was placed under the charge of Dr. Fell for six months on condition that, at the end of that time, he should disclose the secret of his treatment. Now commenced a great run of patronage for the Yankee doctor, who was supposed to be doing such wonders at one of the great London hospitals. Having established himself in a grand house in a grand square in the grand neighborhood of Belgravia, with all the usual concomitants of dashing equipage and liveried flunkies, our doctor was on a sufficiently aristocratic footing to receive with a becoming face the aristocratic visits and aristocratic fees of the crowds of court patients who now thronged to consult him. Lords and Baronets, Countesses and Lady Honorables, count largely upon his list; and even the Duchess of Kent, who is afflicted with cancer, desires, it is said, to supplicate the aid of Dr. Fell. All this secures a great pecuniary success, as with such great personages come, of course, great fees; and our Yankee doctor, though a thorough Republican every inch of him, has sufficient respect for aristocracy to do honor to its noble liberality by not refusing its guineas.

Mrs. Crawford—the wife of our eminent sculptor—having heard of Dr. Fell's success in London, telegraphed from Paris for him to go there. He went, and found Crawford with an advanced cancerous tumor, or *fungus hæmatodes*, which had already destroyed one of the eyes, and was pressing through the socket upon the brain to such an extent as to produce frequent fits of epilepsy. The case was an unpromising one for regular science, and was accordingly pronounced hopeless. Dr. Fell, however, was more hopeful; and taking Crawford back with him to London, speaks confidently of a good chance for cure. He expects, by the application of his remedy, to eat away entirely the diseased and enlarged eye, and thus relieve the pressure on the brain.

Dr. Fell's remedy has been thus far a secret; but he has a book in preparation, containing a full disclosure of its composition and mode of application. He claims for it this peculiarity, that it is a cautery unlike other cauteries, which will only destroy the diseased parts, and leave untouched the healthy. He states further that the remedy, when applied externally, is absorbed in part into the system, and there acting as an antidote to the constitutional disease, which cancer is known to be, prevents its recurring as frequently as it generally does after the ordinary treatment.

If Dr. Fell only proves half the benefactor to the human race some of his friends claim him to be, we shall be prepared to renounce forever Tom Brown's version of Martial's Epigram, the well-known:

> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I can not tell;
> But this I'm sure I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

We shall not only love Dr. Fell in spite of Tom Brown, but with more logic than he, for the best of reasons.

IS THE CITY SAFE?

Our country friends are alarming themselves about our safety, as well they may when they read the portentous announcements of the daily papers. THE DAY OF THE BARRICADES! THE REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK! THE ANARCHY IN THE CITY! bristling with points of exclamation, and fully arrayed in the boldest of capitals, present certainly a very formidable appearance to the timid eye. We can assure our country cousins, however, that the streets of New York are still stagnant with the mud of peace, and not yet running with the blood of war; that Broadway is not barricaded, but merely obstructed, as usual, with tarrying omnibuses and immovable carts; that the Fifth Avenue has not yet been sacked, nor its gilt tarnished by the foul hand of the mob; that beauty is still safe within its hoops, and not yet hiding itself under any stronger outworks or fortifications; in a word, the city is safe, and as busy and gay as ever. Mayor Wood and Governor King have all the revolution to themselves thus far, and it is hoped that if they become at all athirst for blood they will quench themselves in their own claret.

UP AND DOWN WITH LIBERTY!

We assure our correspondent who writes to us under the signature of a "Friend of Liberty," that the liberty pole to which he alludes, on the corner of Broadway and Grand Street, was *not* cut down by an Irish mob, but by two native carpenters, aided by four German laborers, under the orders of the owners of the adjacent property. We can not say, therefore, that we share in the alarm so vividly expressed by "A Friend of Liberty," as we have hopes that, though the pole is down, liberty may still perhaps have a chance to go up.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

I AM horribly disappointed! The tiger who misses his spring; the young lady who, hoping for a proposal from a certain swain for her own hand, receives one for her younger sister; the salmon-fisher, at the moment that the rod straightens with a jerk, and he knows that "he is gone"—all these are but faint types of the agonizing disappointment I experienced when I found that the Comet did not strike the earth.

The case, I submit, was very hard. I had met, as I conceived, a well-bred, gentlemanly Comet—a Comet of his word—who made me certain promises, in which I blindly believed, and on the faith of which I made certain arrangements. The apparent sincerity with which he spoke of his impingement on the earth, did not allow me room for a doubt. He seemed calm and self-assured—and now, after all this, he has not come! The earth still revolves in its accustomed orbit; the City Hall—I regret still more to say—still lifts its proud chimney-pots over the adjacent buildings!

But the predicament in which this breach of faith on the part of the Comet has placed me is very lamentable. When I was assured at that memorable interview related in a previous "Man About Town," that such a body was really about to visit us, I immediately commenced to reflect on certain consequences which must inevitably result from such a catastrophe.

"If the earth is smashed up," I thought, "debt must certainly be abolished; therefore I have nothing to fear from that infuriated class of acquaintances known to me as creditors. Likewise, if there is a general collision to take place in the course of a week or so, I see no crime in running still farther into debt. Before the bills can by any possibility become due, debtor and creditor will be involved in common ruin. *Dum vivimus vivamus!*—'A short life and a merry one!' as Epictetus says in his 'Enchiridion.' Let us, without delay, run into debt!"

Accordingly, I proceeded on the most approved principles. For the last fortnight I have exhausted every pleasure. Dinners, suppers, horses, clothes, jewelry, cards. What boots I ordered! what entrancing coats! what seraphic waistcoats! My convivial parties have been the talk of the town. My friends and myself have exhausted the supply of several of the finest wines that come to this market. The epicures of the city wander wildly from restaurant to restaurant calling in vain for *Vieux Ceps*, for *Clos Vougeot*, for *St. Peray*. "It is all gone!" reply the proprietors. "'The Man About Town' has drunk it all up!" I bought a yacht; purchased a picture-gallery and a library; gave a thousand dollars for a gold dressing-case, mounted with turquoises (there were a pair of dress boot-hooks in it made of amber, that took my fancy); ordered twenty thousand cigars, at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a thousand—in short, indulged in all the luxury of buying.

What is the consequence? The Comet has not kept his word, and I am besieged. My bell is going all day, and creditors are ten deep round my door. Tailors' boys, bending under loads of trowsers and waistcoats, are continually coming to my room, with long bills in their hands, and departing threatening and unpaid. I can not go into a single respectable restaurant without being dunned for dinners, suppers, and breakfasts obtained during the brief period of my luxury. As I walk down Broadway ravenous tradespeople spring at me, and demand their money. I have had enough of executions served on me to paper my walls with. Sheriffs' officers assail me before I rise in the morning with legal documents, the terrors of which are quadrupled in magnitude from my not understanding them. I am growing thin and pale. My life is forever rendered wretched by this ungentlemanly conduct of the Comet. If the wealthy and respectable firm of publishers with whom I am connected do not immediately advance me twenty thousand dollars on account of literary matter to be hereafter furnished, I see no resource left me but to take Prussic acid, or go back with General Walker to Nicaragua.

I sometimes wonder why it was that the Comet did not come. I am afraid he was disgusted at the disparaging manner in which our scientific man spoke of him in the *Weekly*. If I thought that this was really the case, I would challenge our scientific man.

What am I to do?

Oh, faithless Comet!

ROSE IN THE GARDEN.

THIRTY years have come and gone,
Melting away like Southern snows,
Since in the light of a summer's night
I went to the garden to seek my Rose.

Mine! Do you hear it, silver moon,
Flooding my heart with your mellow shine?
Mine! Be witness, ye distant stars,
Looking on me with eyes divine!

Tell me, tell me, wandering winds,
Whisper it, if you may not speak—
Did you ever, in all your round,
Fan a lovelier brow or cheek?

Long I nursed in my heart the love,
Love which I felt, but dared not tell,
Till—I scarcely know how or when—
It found wild words—*and all was well!*

I can hear her sweet voice even now—
It makes my pulses leap and thrill—
"I owe you more than I well can pay;
You may take me, Robert, if you will!"

So in the pleasant summer night
I thread the garden-walks alone,
Looking about with restless eyes,
Wondering whither my Rose had flown,

Till, from a leafy arbor near,
There came to my ears the sound of speech;
Who can be with my Rose to-night?
Let me hide me under the beech.

It must be one of her female friends,
Talking with her in the gloaming gray;
Perchance—I thought—they may speak of me:
Let me listen to what they say.

This I said with a careless smile,
And a joyous heart that was free from fears;
Little I dreamed that the words I heard
Would weigh on my heavy heart for years.

"Rose, my Rose! for your heart is mine,"
I heard in a low voice, passion-fraught,
"In the sight of Heaven we are truly one;
Why will you cast me away for naught?

"Will you give your hand where your heart goes not,
To a man who is grave, and stern, and old;
And whose love, compared with my passion-heat,
As the snow of the frozen North is cold?"

And Rose—I could *feel* her cheek grow pale—
Her voice was tremulous—then grew strong—
"Richard," she said, "your words are wild,
And you do my guardian bitter wrong.

"Did you never hear how, years gone by"—
She spoke in a tremulous undertone—
"Bereft of friends, o'er the world's highways,
I wandered forth as a child alone.

He opened to me his home and heart—
He whom you call so stern and cold—
And my grateful heart I may well bestow
On him, for his kindness manifold."

"Rose," he said, in a saddened tone,
"I thank him for all he has done for thee:
He has acted nobly—I did him wrong—
But is there no voice in your heart for me?"

And Rose—she trembled—*I* felt it all;
I heard her quick breath come and go;
Her voice was broken; she only said,
"Have pity, Richard, and let me go!"

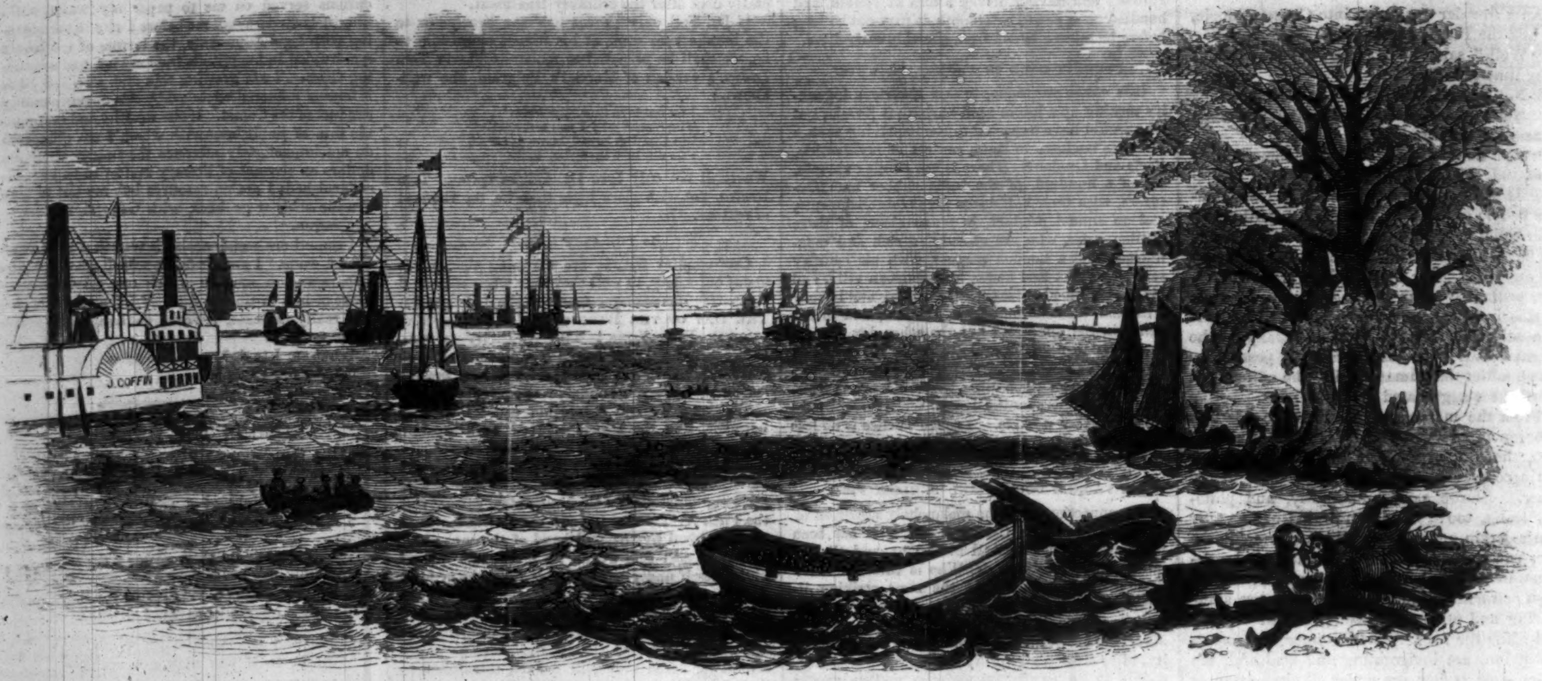
And then—Heaven gave me strength, I think—
I stood before them, calm and still;
You might have thought my tranquil breast
Had never known one passion-thrill.

And they alternate flushed and paled;
Rose tottered, and I feared would fall;
I caught her in supporting arms,
And whispered, "Rose, I heard it all.

"I had a dream, but it is pass'd,
That we might journey, hand-in-hand,
Along the rugged steeps of life,
Until we reached God's promised land.

"This was my dream—'tis over now—
Thank Heaven, it is not yet too late!
I pray no selfish act of mine
May keep two young hearts separate."

I placed her passive hand in his—
With how much pain God only knows—
And blessing him for her sweet sake,
I left him standing with my Rose.



THE FLEET.

THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION.

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."—*Tempest*.

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon on the 12th of May, we went on board the steamer *Norfolk*, lying at Rocket's Point, and all in gala trim for the Jamestown excursion. Having "stepped up to the Captain's office and settled," in due form, secured a berth and bestowed our flaccid carpet-bag therein, we ascertained that it wanted full an hour to the time appointed for starting. We were in no hurry, and went sauntering about the boat with that sense of freedom from responsibility so delightful to a fidgety traveler who feels assured that he is in time. The better to improve this enviable leisure, we mounted the promenade deck of the boat to see what instruction or entertainment might be drawn from our surroundings. There was a volume in every glance. On our left we could see where the great river "falleth from the rockes farre west," and hear the roar of its turbid waters, even as the renowned Captain had seen and heard them near about this season, two hundred and fifty years agone. How strange the thought, and how near it brought the object of our excursion! We had been possessed with a vague idea that we were going somewhere on a spree, and until that moment had not realized the fact that we were on a pious pilgrimage to the birth-place of a mighty nation.

Then did Time roll back his silent tide, and in spirit we were with the hardy adventurers in the pinnace, sharing their wonder and their joy. Hard-by we saw the smoke rising from the twelve wigwams, where King Powhatan held his sylvan court, and prepared a right royal welcome for the strangers.

But that stately city, looking down upon us through the haze, its slender spires glancing back the rays of the setting sun, and those three white bridges that span the noble river—what have these to do with the past?

Visions! dreams! Mark now the doughty Captain, whose acted life was in itself a romantic drama, as he stands upon the bow of his boat and contemplates the scene before him. Can we not believe it is his vigorous fancy—o'erleaping the bounds of time, anticipating the slow centuries—that has builded this fair city, sitting so queenly on these blooming hills!

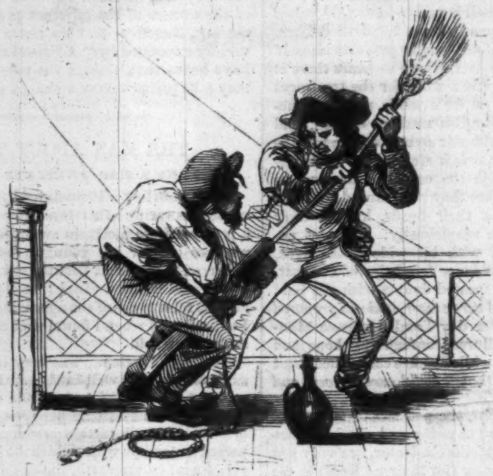
Hark! is that the Indian drum? rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub! No, by no means; it is the drum of the Montgomery Guards, Captain Moore, recalling us very suddenly to the present world, teeming with mules and niggers.

Farewell, *Captaine John Smith, sometymes Governour of these countryes, and Admirall of New England.* Here comes the living Governor of Virginia, without pomp or ceremony, mingling with the crowd of well-dressed citizens that were hurrying onward toward the boat. Yet he is not altogether undistinguished—

"For as he came into the hall,
No gentleman was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen."

Now every body is on board, the Guards have stacked their arms, the boat, loosed from her moorings, with flags and streamers flying, is slowly swinging out into the stream. Run, boys, get the cannon, and we'll fire a parting salute!

The piece is then charged in a trice—a deck-hand rushes up, brandishing a red-hot poker—stand back!



LOADING THE CANNON.

"As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gives way before his stride."

Stand back, I say! P'raps she might bust! Solomon says, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Then louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery."

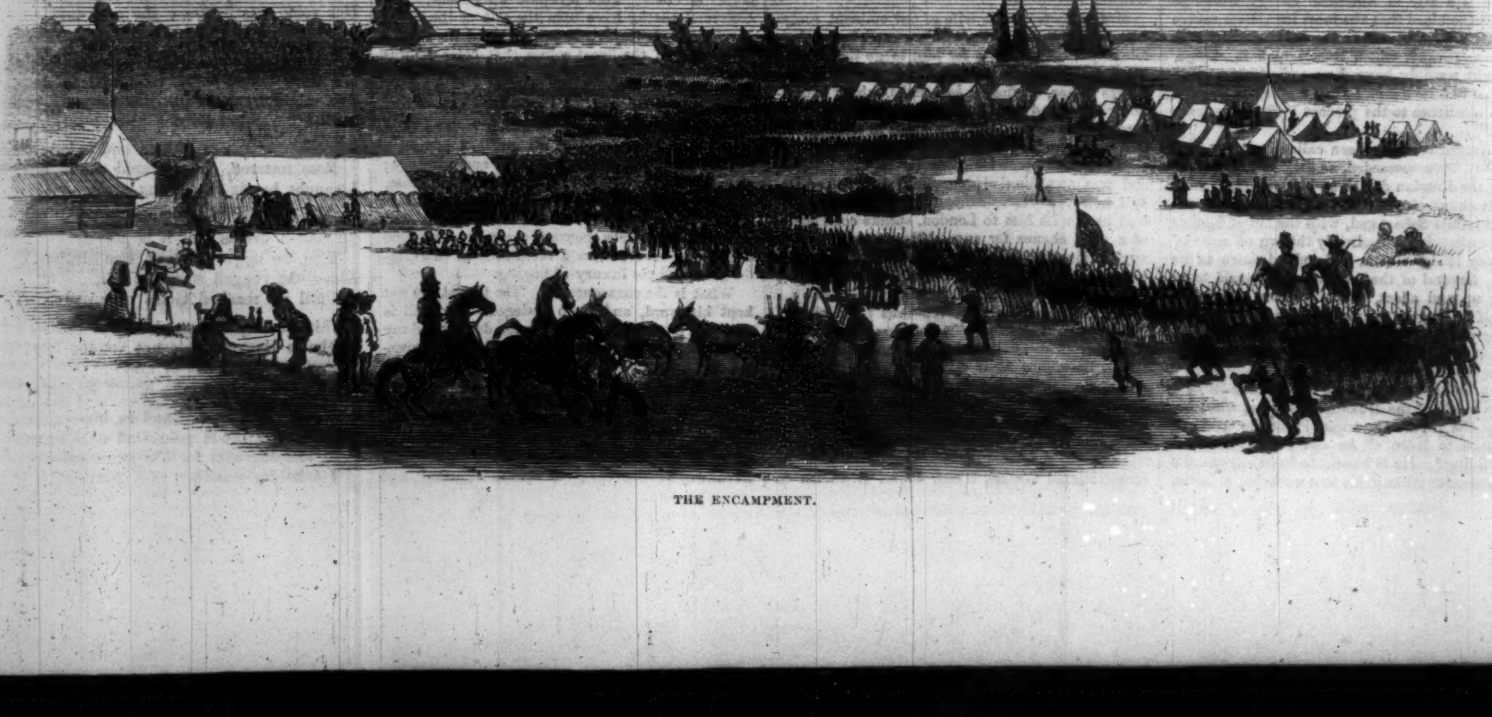
The mules scampered, the negroes swore, the crowd cheered. The idea of a spree is again in the ascendant. Ho! for Jamestown. Considering the number of persons on board, we fared very well at supper; and having passed a pleasant, social evening, drank a pint of beer and went to bed. Thank Fortune, we are still on amicable terms with sleep. When the appointed time comes, we meet and embrace without many preliminary compliments. To be sure, we sometimes dream dreams and see visions. We saw some that night—heard some familiar and agreeable sounds, and smelt sweet savors—the popping of Champagne, clinking of glasses, fried oysters, toasts, and speeches. There was nothing in all that to banish sleep—*au contraire*.

When we went on deck next morning we found our steamer anchored in the river, several hundred yards from shore, and surrounded by a number of vessels of all grades, which had arrived in the night. Their decks were all alive with pilgrims—some eating, some preparing breakfast, and some even fiddling and dancing—vexing the ears of this sweet May morning with untimely mirth.

Before us was the blooming land, and, rising from a clump of fresh-budding trees, the lonely tower which marks the site of Jamestown. Now the poetry of the past and the present again returned. How we did wish all these people were elsewhere enjoying themselves, that we might have this day alone among the tombs; and, doubtless, there were thousands who joined us in the egotistical wish.

We got on shore as soon as possible, and presently stood under shadow of the old tower. It is a square edifice of brick, now about thirty feet high, cracked and ruinous, and on one side overgrown with ivy. The principal openings are narrow and round arched, while in the upper part are several loop-holes, apparently for musketry. The precise date of this structure is not known, but as its substantial character does not accord with the accounts of the first church erected in the settlement, it must have belonged to a later period—possibly the remains of the second church that was burned some time previous to the year 1617.

Adjoining the tower is a small grave-yard, in-



THE ENCAMPMENT.

closed by a low brick wall and shaded by a dense growth of trees. Here are a number of tombs with some rich sepulchral carvings, inscribed, some in Latin and some in English, with names familiar in our early colonial history, but so blackened, broken, and defaced, that it is difficult now to decipher them.

The names of Philip Ludwell and the Reverend James Blair are the most prominent, and, after our hasty survey, are all that our memory has retained.

These were matured men who had played their parts upon the stage of life—fulfilled their destiny—yielded their fruit, and in the fullness of time returned to the earth from whence they came. But here is one name which history has not recorded, although we know her husband and her parentage.

Ursula Beverly, wife of Robert Beverly—aged 16 years 11 months and 9 days. Poor child, to have died so young, while life was so full of hope and beauty. Even on this bright life-giving morning—this proud anniversary, the soul exulting in the glorious past and perhaps more glorious future, will nature assert her claims—and the reader turns away to hide the sudden pang and starting tear.

There were several early visitors like ourselves, silently enjoying the thoughts suggested by the scene, and endeavoring to read the inscriptions upon the broken tablets, and at length here comes a party of the bone and sinew, probably men from the boats.

"Well, dear me, this is the place we've come to celebrate, is it? And here's where they were buried? They say it was a hundred years ago." "Two hundred and fifty years ago," said another. "Well, to be sure that's a good while, and so I'll just take a bit of this 'ere tombstone as a 'momentum' of it."

So saying the speaker cracked off a suitable chunk from one of the slabs. The others contented themselves with a brickbat apiece, and having pocketed their respective sentiments went their way toward the camp.

Finding that the world was crowding in upon us, we also took our departure, not forgetting, however, a petition to the authorities of the day to have a guard placed at the tower to prevent further desecration.

We were at the same time reminded that there might possibly be many others in the world unacquainted with the past and present of Jamestown, and will therefore give a brief account of this memorable but heretofore neglected spot.

It was here on the 13th of May, 1607, the first permanent colony of Englishmen was established in America. Here, two hundred and fifty years ago, was planted the acorn from whence sprung the mighty oak that now overshadows the Western World, and here, on the 13th of May, 1857, have assembled all these thousands to see the almost obliterated foot-prints of our earliest civilization.

An old historian thus describes the locality:

"The place they chose was a peninsula, two thirds thereof being encompass'd by the River Powhaton, and the other third by a small, narrow river, capable, however, of receiving vessels of an hundred ton almost as far as the main river. And at spring tides it overflows and runs into the River Powhaton, making the place a perfect island, containing about two thousand acres of firm land, besides a great deal of marshy ground, which situation was looked upon as a great security against the attacks of the Indians."

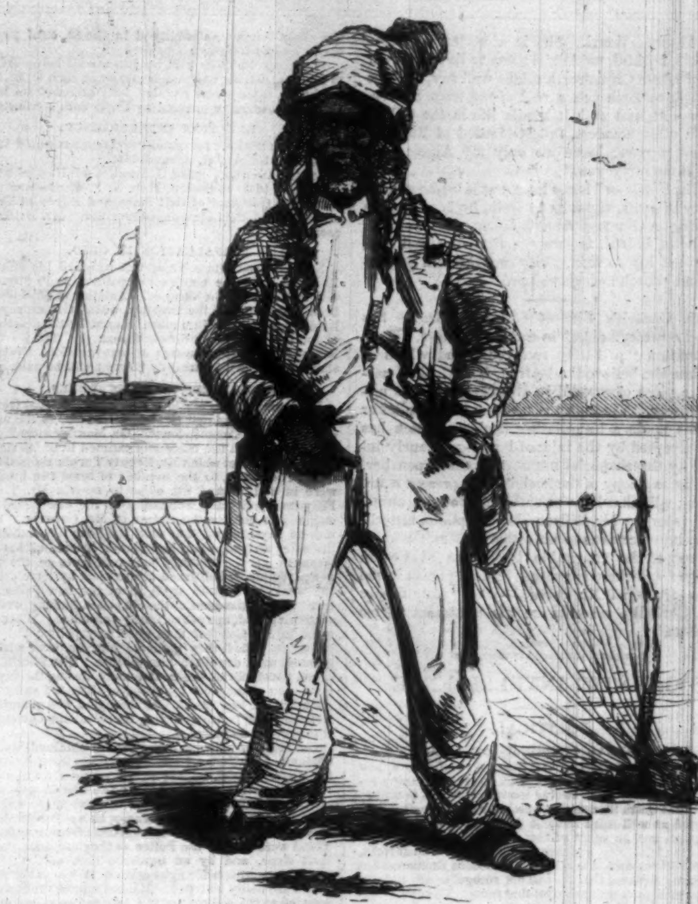
The settlement was called Jamestown, in honor of James the First, the then reigning King of England. We believe it never attained any considerable size, nor contained buildings of a permanent character, although it was the seat of the colonial government until 1698, ninety-one years after its first establishment.

A writer of about the year 1730, gives the following very satisfactory description of its condition at that time:

"Jamestown, the capital of this county and of the whole province, is situated in a peninsula on the north side of James River, about forty miles from the mouth, the river being at this place about a mile broad. There are not above four score houses at present in it, and those, most of them, publick houses, kept for the entertainment of seafaring people who resort hither, for it is not agreeable to the humour or business of the Virginian planter to live in towns. Every man of substance almost chuses to reside upon his estate, and have his farms and plantations under his eye; and when they have amassed as much wealth as satisfies them, they either remain in the place they acquired it, or return to England, but seldom reside in the little towns of Virginia. Another reason which makes Jamestown now so inconsiderable is the removing of the courts of justice and the seat of government to Williamsburgh. And, lastly, Jamestown suffered very much in the rebellion during the reign of Charles the Second, when it was almost entirely burnt down to the ground. Before that misfortune happened, 'tis said, there were several spacious streets and handsome buildings in Jamestown, and the government seemed to be set upon peopling and improving it, by obliging all shipping to unload their merchandize at this place, but that order was never obey'd. Few towns are capable of being made stronger than Jamestown, as it is situated on a peninsula which, at high water, is a perfect island, and there is no approaching it but on one side, which might easily be rendered inaccessible, but the fortifications, I perceive, are but mean."

At the present day there remains no trace of the town nor fortifications, except the picturesque ruin we have described.

The land is nearly all cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. Two dilapidated and deserted houses, which have neither beauty nor antiquity to recommend them, stand near the landing, while farther down is the plantation-house, with its outbuildings, occupied by an overseer and negroes, we believe the only inhabitants of the island. The property formerly belonged to the Amblers, but now forms part of the immense estate of Mr. Allen, of Claremont.



UNCLE LEWIS, THE FISHERMAN.

Meanwhile the bateaux and ferry-boat have been busily plying between the fleet and the shore, and the white beach is already dotted with animated groups moving toward the encampment. The world is upon us. Clio and Erato, good girls, go about your business, and we will follow the crowd.

"Good-morning, Uncle; will you just stand still for a few minutes until we take your portrait?"

"I have no objection, master, provided it does not take too long."

We went to work without delay, and, although we made good speed, the sketch was not completed before our model began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness. We asked if he was getting tired?

"No, Sir," he replied, "not tired; but I was thinking of my master's business."

"And, pray, what pressing business can one of your age have?"

"I must finish mending my nets, Sir, and then catch some fish for my master's dinner."

There was a correctness in the old man's language and a certain dignity in his manner which we confess rather surprised us. But, to gain time, we continued in a strain of badinage, "So you are the fisherman of the estate, are you? That was the calling of some of the Apostles too."

"True, Sir, it was; and as they in their high calling served our heavenly Master, so must I, while on earth, in my humble way, serve my earthly master; 'for he that is faithful in that which is least, is also faithful in much.'"

"So, Uncle, you expect to go to heaven when you die, and perhaps be white?"

"In that world, master, our souls will be white or black according as we have done our duty upon earth."

"The sketch is finished. Your name, Uncle?"

"Lewis Gillchrist," said he; and, seeing that we hesitated in writing, he spelled the surname deliberately and correctly.

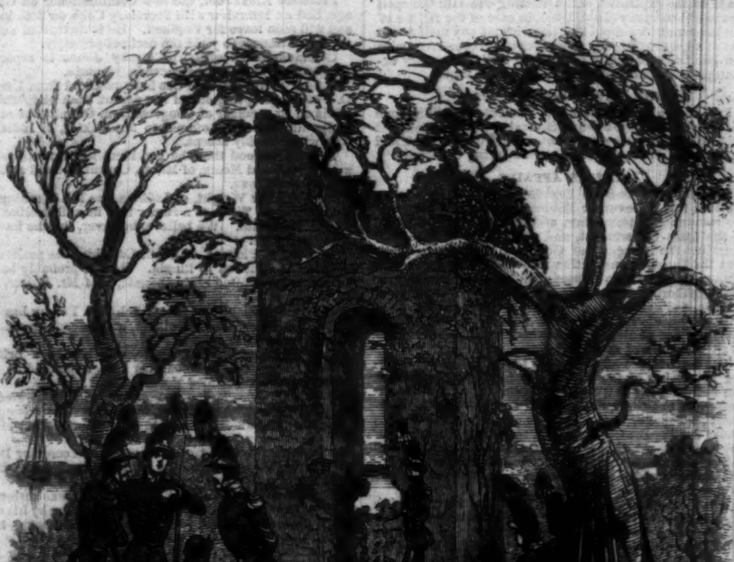
"Uncle Lewis," said we, dropping a coin into his hand, "accept also our apology. We have been wanting in respect to merit concealed under a rude exterior. You are a better Christian than we—perhaps a better man."

Uncle Lewis shook his head and smiled. "My master, my understanding is small and my lights few, while you are full of skill and learning."

"Jeems'es Riva! ef dar ain't ole Uncle Lewis pictered! good Massa gent'lum, here's me—you may make my picter for nothin'!"

"Boy," said Uncle Lewis, with some asperity in his manner, "go long! What does the gentleman want with the likes of you?"

After a pleasant walk of about two miles, we reached the encampment, where some thousands had already assembled. There were white pavilions for the ladies, booths for refreshment, kitchens, a stand for the speakers, and an extensive camp of the military from Richmond, which had occupied the ground for several days previous to the celebration. Drums were beating, colors flying, pots boiling, and glasses rattling; gallant-looking officers, on horseback, were galloping about the field; companies of soldiers were marching and manœuvring; while the great unorganized multitude just swarmed about the pavilions, without doing any thing in particular that we could perceive. It was, however, both pleasant and instructive to thread this great, good-humored crowd, where men and women of all conditions mingled in easy social intercourse, yet so free from any element of rowdyism. Indeed, it would be difficult to find such an assembly now beyond the limits of the ancient commonwealth; where the wisdom of the statesman, the valor of the soldier, the pride of birth, and consciousness of superior knowledge, are so gracefully vailed by the simple manners and unaffected courtesy of the gentleman.



THE GUARD.

But we, who would be in the world without being of it, who wish to see without being seen—we, who can only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry—what can we do in all this jovial turmoil?

We disengaged ourselves as quietly as possible, and sought a point a little distance off, from whence we might enjoy the view undisturbed. Owing to the level nature of the locality, we made the circuit of the encampment without being able to satisfy ourselves in this respect. At length a bright idea presented itself. Here, in a retired spot, was a tree which we might climb, and doubtless from its branches obtain a pleasant prospect. But the question arose, Is it dignified for a gentleman a little stiff in the knees to climb?

King Charles, when the Roundheads pursued, climbed a tree:

"The royal oak, it was the tree,
That saved his royal majesty."

But on this occasion the oak acquired more renown than did his royal majesty.

How now, philosopher? Have we become an old fogy, looking for a precedent to enable us to do what we have a mind to, especially when nobody is looking? We mounted quite nimbly to the height of thirty feet or thereabout, and seated ourselves comfortably among the budding boughs. No Turkish Theriakis, with his amber-lipped pipe, and eyes fixed on paradise, ever reveled in more glorious dreams than those that warmed our fancy while occupying this exalted seat.

The balmy air, the tender-tinted woods, the soft, voluptuous haze that dimmed the further shores of the broad river, brought full realization of the poetry of spring, and warmed the blood with its renovating influences.

Nor was music wanting to complete the enchantment of the hour; for from the camp the thrilling harmonies of a fine military band rose and fell with the changing breeze. Above the dark-heaving multitude and the line of snowy pavilions we could see the encircling river, bearing upon its bosom the vessels that were still bringing in their living freight.

As they came, one after another, to the anchorage, we could see the white smoke and hear the distant boom of the cannon that announced their arrival. Anon the road from the landing was blackened by a stream of the new-comers that poured into the encampment, like a river losing itself in a lake. Then we could distinguish strains of music mingled with the rolling drums—faint at first, but swelling on the ear as the long column approached with waving plumes and glittering arms. This martial array was composed of the volunteer companies from Norfolk and Portsmouth. Still they come. We next descried a band of Pennsylvanians, headed by Captain Kelley, of the steamer *Norfolk*, gallantly marching with Champagne and banners. One of these standards bore the arms of Pennsylvania, another the insignia of Pittsburg—the arms of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. This demonstration from a sister State was well conceived, well received, and was one of the marked incidents of the day.

At length the ceremonies commenced. A beautiful poem, written for the occasion, was read by James Barron Hope; an oration was delivered by Ex-President John Tyler, and a brief but spirited conclusion by Governor Wise.

Unfortunately, from our perch in the tree-top, we could not hear the speakers; but those who did were much edified and delighted. Governor Wise next reviewed the troops, after which the assembly began to disperse.

The number of persons present was estimated at from six to eight thousand. A few individuals extended their trip as far as Williamsburg, seven miles distant. The Richmond battalion remained on the field until next day, while the great mass of the assembly returned to the beach in a body, to regain the shipping—every body pleased, every body tired, and almost every body sober. The man who fell overboard from one of the *Norfolk's* boats, and was rescued with so much difficulty, it was ascertained had a brick in his hat, which he was carrying off as a memento of the celebration. The embarkation was the most animated and imposing spectacle which we witnessed during the day; and as boat after boat received its complement of passengers and got under weigh, the island rung with the parting salutes of musketry and cannon.

The *Norfolk* was the last vessel to leave the landing. As we parted, the latest rays of the setting sun shone full upon the face of the ruined tower, lighting it with a smile as of a grinning skeleton. Another moment, a gray, oblivious shadow covered it like a pall. Farewell!

LITERARY.

Indigenous Races of the Earth; or, new Chapters of Ethnological Inquiry, etc., etc., *by J. C. Nott, M.D., and Geo. R. Gliddon.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The present age is much like that which immediately succeeded the age of Bacon, when science went mad. The *Novum Organum* was such a master-key to the secrets of philosophy, that men believed it able to open the gates of heaven itself; and by its aid they professed ability to interrogate the very shades of the departed. History has recorded the result. Philosophy became the leader instead of the handmaid of religion, and the man mind went wandering in the mazes of infidelity. Law, Medicine, and Divinity, Physical Science and Moral Philosophy, were alike astray. Political infidelity, and its consequence, libertinism, followed. The world was well-nigh turned upside down. Kings sought knowledge from witches, and judges consulted ghosts. Even the medical practitioners, whose daily experience should have taught them more of human nature, sought to heal diseases by the influence of the planets; and theologians were well satirized by Milton when he represented the fallen angels in hell as holding counsel on their favorite subjects of doubt, dispute, and rancorous quarrel.

All this the present age most remarkably resembles. Swift advance in light, great discoveries in science, triumphant exertions of human intellect, marvelous results of art—all these have led men to believe themselves capable of questioning the secret things of the Deity himself, and demanding of the God that made them why and how he made them so. The advance of the age is prodigious. The assumptions of the age are more wonderful. If men are to be trusted, we can talk as well with the distant periods of antiquity as with the living age around us. We can summon up Thales of Miletus to tell us of the earliest experiments in steam, Socrates himself to discourse on the natural evidences of religion, Moses to explain his own writings, and Paul to make more clear the knowledge of the unknown God. Are these things so, or is there an error in the speed of our day?

There is a terrible error—the error that has destroyed men in every age of the world—the error that has produced those alternations of darkness and light that mark history—the error that has never failed to overwhelm science and destroy truth, namely, that men forget that they are but men, dependent on God for wisdom, and on a revelation for guidance to knowledge.

They may sneer at it, ridicule it, reason against it, but the truth stands firm that all science must have a standard in revealed truth by which to test its own value. In simple language it is this—all new discoveries must be submitted to the test of revealed religion. If agreeing with it, they may be accepted; if disagreeing, they are falsehoods. And more than this, the revelation must lead, guide, and explain scientific investigation primarily, and not be explained or interpreted by it.

We have not space to follow this subject farther at present. Our remarks are elicited by the work before us, which contains a mass of learning and information crudely and unintelligibly arranged, all marked by the usual results of the efforts of human reason, independent of revelation. Abandoning the simple and substantial truth, which is a thousand times taught in Holy Writ, that God made Adam our common father, and Eve our common mother, the hesitating and confused reasoning of this work leads to the idea of various origins for various races of men. The arguments are sought chiefly in physical formation and in philological history. Form, feature, and language are discussed. There is much learning and much nonsense in the volume, while it totally fails to discuss the most important argument, which is that of intellectual philosophy. To reason on the common or diverse origin of men from their bodily structure, without considering the soul, is worse than discussing the unity of races in fossils, where fragments of teeth or toe bones are the only extant specimens.

Let us not be mistaken as disparaging the efforts of science in our age. None can more profoundly respect or more fully appreciate them, and it is with pride and pleasure that we record the fact that the first men of the age in all the physical sciences, the lights of philosophy and investigation in our time, are, and always have been, firm believers in God's revealed word, humble worshipers at his altar of wisdom, and have been the more successful and the more distinguished for that they have uniformly acknowledged, what the *savans* of this book appear to have totally forgotten—that the great end of human knowledge, the end of the *γνωθί σεαυτον* of Solon, is to know our own ignorance.

THE PROFESSOR, a Tale, *by Currer Bell*, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Every one knows the history of "The Professor." It was Charlotte Brontë's first literary work, founded on her own life at Brussels. Rejected at first, and long kept by her, she wrote a new preface, and thought of publishing it after "Shirley" appeared; but, changing her mind, it was never printed, and is now her legacy to a world that admires, while it laments her.

It is, perhaps, the simplest of her books, exhibiting all her peculiarities of genius in the highest and clearest manner. The same sharp outlines on dark grounds; the same bold, free, startling sketches of character; the same unhesitating, undisguised exposures of thought, feeling, inclination, and passion which make her books, among other books, what Rembrandt is among painters. William Crimsworth is a man of human mould; talks, acts, and feels as men do in daily life—not as they are imagined. Frances is a creation of the pen that stands up, and walks, and talks. This is the great excellence of Miss Brontë's people that they are such as we all know. Dickens can give character only by exaggerating one characteristic. Miss Mulock excels in giving life and action to a few of the striking peculiarities of human nature, admirable so long as we forget in her actors that it may be necessary for them to appear sometimes in other scenes than those with which she has surrounded them. Thackeray's men and women are pure creations of fancy, who could never be transferred to the scenery of any other novel—scarcely to any such scenes as we can imagine, especially in America—and so of others. Miss Brontë makes men in the image of men. Hope, fear, passion, love, emotions of every sort they have, as we have them. They are persons that we can take by the hand, look in the face, love or hate. One must love Frances Henri. She is a veritable gem—a gentle, faithful, noble girl; one to live for, work for—of whom Crimsworth might well say, "Bribe a seraph to fetch you a coal of fire from heaven, if you will, and with it kindle life in the tallest, fattest, most boneless, fullest-blooded of Rubens's painted women; leave me only my Alpine peri, and I'll not envy you."

"The Professor" is not long, but it is like a small gallery of gems, etchings by Della Bella, and those startling outlines of Albert Durer and Holbein. The light, indeed, is sombre; that dim, sad sunshine that lay so mournfully on Haworth parsonage and church and grave-yard.

Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë has caused a pretty hubbub in certain quarters. From information "privately received," and which at the time she believed to be true, Mrs. Gaskell narrated a piece of scandal in Branwell Brontë's private career. Through the medium of her solicitor she has made a humiliating apology, which has been accepted by the injured lady—grievously injured by the shameful imputation cast upon her. So long as a copy of the book is in its present state, so long will that lady be suffering from an unrectified injury. Mr. Wilson also complains bitterly of the injustice done to his father in Mrs. Gaskell's account of the charitable institution at Cowan Bridge; and there is another injured person in the field—the aged Mr. Brontë—who "feels deeply Mrs. Gaskell's remarks on his treatment of his children."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE affairs of Central America, thrown into a new complication by the defeat of Walker, are no nearer a solution than they were twelve months ago. It is understood that Costa Rica sets up a claim to the Transit Route, founded as well upon ancient deeds as upon the recent conquest, and an agent of that State has been to Washington and this city, endeavoring to sell the Transit right. On the other hand, it is said that President Buchanan has distinctly declared that he will not recognize any right in Costa Rica to close or control that route. The other Central American States are said to be opposed to the action of Costa Rica, and there is a feeble rumor that General Walker may be recalled to fight their battles; but this is generally discredited. One thing only is certain; there are half a dozen holders of real or presumed transit rights, who are trying to sell them in this market.

It seems certain that the Cabinet have declined to reopen negotiations with England for the conclusion of a new treaty to take the place of the Dallas-Clarendon Convention. It is assumed that the subject will be handed over to Congress, to be dealt with definitely, in December next.

THE NEW GRANADA DISPUTE.

Advices from New Granada state that the new administration entertain no doubt of a pacific solution of the controversy with the United States. It is understood that the negotiation will be conducted at Washington by Señor Herran. General Mosquera has proposed, in the New Granadian Senate, to station, permanently, one thousand New Granadian troops on the isthmus for the protection of life and property on the transit route. The proposition was opposed by the New Granadian Liberals. The feeling at Washington is favorable to a peaceful settlement of the dispute.

INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

A story has been circulated during the week to the effect that Santa Anna is about to make a movement on Mexico in conjunction with Spain. It has created a lively sensation at Washington, and it is understood that Mr. Forsyth has been directed to renew the friendly assurances of the sympathy felt by the United States Government for the constitutional Government of Comonfort. Santa Anna is daily expected at Havana, where he will be the guest of Governor Concha. Should any step of the kind take place, an intervention by the United States would not be impossible.

OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA.

The Postmaster General has come to no decision relative to the proposed contracts for conveying the mail overland to San Francisco—not that the bids are unsatisfactory, by any means, for several of them are commensurate with the act of Congress, and others are even below the sum there stipulated. The Government doubts the ability of any of the proposed contractors to carry out their obligations; and as such contracts could only be made on the expiration of the existing one with the mail steamship company (July, 1858), in case of the failure of the land route we should be left without any mail facilities at all, a contingency disastrous to our commerce with the Pacific coast, and especially so to the monetary exchanges with that distant and important region.

THE NEW SLOOPS OF WAR.

Proposals are to be issued for tenders for building one of the five new sloops of war. Several of our most eminent ship-builders are very anxious to secure the contract, and have visited Washington in person during the week.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

The Kansas Free-State Legislature met at Topeka on the 11th inst. Governor Robinson sent in his Message. He recommends immediate and thorough organization of the State Government, and codification of the laws; examines the inaugural of Governor Walker; contends that the Topeka Constitution is the only clear expression of the popular will in Kansas; thinks it incompetent for the neighboring States longer to exercise sovereignty in Kansas, and declares it impossible for Free-State men to vote at the election. He concludes by saying he will maintain the position of resistance to usurped authority at all hazards and at all times.

The Legislature adjourned on the 13th. Acts providing for taking of the census, appointing an election on the first Monday in August for State officers and Representatives to Congress, and locating the seat of Government at Topeka, were passed, as also a joint resolution under the Topeka Constitution Census act, providing for the appointment of five Marshals, whose Deputies shall take a census immediately, and make an apportionment of the State, which shall give a Senate of not more than twenty members and a House of sixty.

The Free-State Convention met at Topeka on the 9th instant, Colonel Lane presiding. A resolution was adopted disowning the Territorial Government, and declaring that the admission of the Territory into the Union under the Topeka Constitution was the only method of adjusting the difficulties. Other resolutions, recommending the Free-State party to disregard the approaching election, and casting suspicion on any man who consents to become a candidate for the Constitutional Convention, were passed, and the Convention adjourned.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Advices are to hand from St. Paul, Minnesota, to the 5th instant. The election of Delegates to the Convention to frame and establish a State Constitution, went strongly Democratic, as far as heard from, with one or two minor exceptions. The recent outrages committed by a renegade band of Sioux Indians, called War-pe-ku-tahs, headed by a noted chief, named Ink-pa-du-tah, had created great excitement; but the rescue of Mrs. Margaret Ann Marble, one of the four women carried off from the vicinity of Spirit Lake, in Iowa, near the Minnesota line, has added to the fever. The account of her capture and imprisonment, which she suffered with the other women, as published in the St. Paul papers, thrills one with horror.

The troops on those wild borders are all being ordered to Kansas, leaving only one company at each fort. This might do, if they were cavalry, but the red-skins laugh at the idea of being pursued by Uncle Sam's infantry.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

The fifth trial for mayor of Providence resulted in the election of the American candidate.

At the American State Convention of Massachusetts, held June 16th, at Boston, Hon. N. P. Banks was nominated for Governor of that State, and Eliphalet Trask, of Springfield, for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Banks has accepted.

DEFALCATION IN OHIO.

N. H. Gibson, State Treasurer, resigned his office on 13th inst., and the Governor appointed A. P. Stone, of Columbus, to fill the vacancy. A deficit of $550 000 has been discovered in the treasury, which Gibson says existed when he came into office, caused by the defalcation of John G. Breslin, the former Treasurer. The Governor has appointed a committee of investigation. Notwithstanding this deficit the July interest will be paid.

OUR MUNICIPAL SQUABBLES.

We mentioned in our last week's number that Governor King had appointed Daniel D. Conover to the vacant office of Street Commissioner. On Monday morning Mr. Conover entered the office and claimed to be its rightful incumbent; a fact which Mr. Deputy Turner refused to admit. The police, to the number of some two hundred, were in and around the office to sustain Mr. Turner. Fifty-four policemen who hail from the new Board were on hand to enforce the claims of Mr. Conover. There was no physical collision until the hour for shutting up the office arrived, when Mr. Turner ordered all hands to leave the office. As every body refused to go, the stronger party proceeded gradually to eject by force each of the weaker. Captain Speight, of the new police, was carried out in the arms of the old police, kicking, striking, scratching, and, but not seriously, scratched. When they came to Mr. Conover they were very polite; but when politeness failed, they gathered him up, and, with the greatest care, deposited him outside. The Sheriff's officers, to complicate the matter more, during the day took possession of the office by virtue of three old executions. At midnight the Sheriff still occupied the premises, a large force of police guarding it and all the entrances to it to prevent accidents.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Conover obtained, upon his affidavit, from Judge Hoffman warrants for the arrest of the Mayor, Sheriff, Deputy Street Commissioner, and others, for assaults upon him. As the Sheriff was a party, Coroner Perry was required to serve these warrants. On attempting to arrest the Mayor, he was furnished with fifty men of the Albany Metropolitan force to enforce it. These were met by the Police as they ascended the City Hall steps, and by an immense mob of the Mayor's friends, and a terrible fight ensued, in which the Albany men were badly whipped. Major-General Sandford then acceded to the requisition of Coroner Perry, and ordered the National Guard—who, fortunately, at the moment, were passing down Broadway to embark on a pleasure-trip to Boston—to draw up in front of the City Hall. After this there was no more rioting. During the day, Captain Walling unsuccessfully attempted to serve a criminal warrant upon Fernando Wood. The arrest was effected at last by the aid of the Sheriff. A writ of *habeas corpus* had been sued out, in anticipation of the Mayor's surrender, which was made returnable to Judge Russell. The Judge inadvertently having left town, the Mayor, in consequence, was held a close prisoner all night—no bail in such cases being allowable.

On Wednesday the *habeas corpus* was argued before Judge Russell, and on Thursday the writ was granted. Several other writs have been issued against the Mayor; he has given bail for his appearance. Much excitement has prevailed during the week in consequence of these proceedings, and the appearance of the military at the City Hall. Governor King returned from Boston, and had an interview with Mayor Wood. Several regiments were under arms for days. The uproar and excitement were, for the most part, manufactured for political purposes.

THE MUNICIPAL CASE.

The question of the constitutionality of the Metropolitan Police Act has been argued before the Court of Appeals by O'Conor and Edmonds for the city, and Cutting and Evarts for the Albany regency. A decision is expected this week.

THE WARREN CELEBRATION.

The statue of General Warren, of which we gave an engraving last week, was inaugurated on June 17th, at Boston, with splendid ceremonies. Hon. Edward Everett was the orator of the day; speeches were likewise made by Senator Mason, Hon. Mr. Winthrop, Governor King, Hon. John P. Kennedy, and other distinguished men. Letters declining the invitation were read from the President, Ex-President Pierce, Mr. Breckinridge, General Scott, Governor Wise, Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Tyler, and others. The celebration went off admirably.

PERSONAL.

General Cass is expected to return to Washington on 1st July, if his health will permit.

Colonel William B. Morgan, of Ohio, is mentioned for a full mission.

Professor Alexander, the new Commissioner on Coinage, had an interview with Secretary Cobb on 20th inst., and will soon leave for England. He is instructed under no circumstances to yield the decimal principle.

Commodore Thomas Ap-Catesby Jones is reported dangerously ill at his residence in Virginia.

A telegraphic dispatch has been received from Emery D. Potter, accepting one of the vacant Utah Judgeships. He is an ex-member of Congress from Ohio. The other Judgeship has been offered to Mr. Eckles, of Indiana, who will probably accept.

It is understood that the President has determined to appoint General Moore, of Maine, Consul General at Canada, vice Andrews.

Ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana, has left Washington for his home. There is a rumor that he will decline the mission to Berlin. We believe, however, that he has already accepted.

Hon. F. W. Pickens, of South Carolina, has positively declined the mission to Russia. He will probably be returned to the United States Senate, vice Mr. Butler, deceased.

It is understood that Colonel John W. Forney has declined the Liverpool Consulship, and intends to start a newspaper in Philadelphia.

It is said that a Mr. Lensado, who has been British Consul somewhere in Cuba, has been appointed to the vacant Consulate at New York.

The Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, arrived in this city on Saturday evening, the 14th inst., and stopped at the New York Hotel, where he remained until Monday afternoon, when he left for Washington.

The Washington *Union* learns that ex-Secretary Dobbin, who was in ill health at his retirement from office, is better.

Cornelius Wendell, the Public Printer, was seriously bruised the other afternoon. He was standing by his carriage, when the horse took fright, and throwing him down, the wheels passed over his body.

The Governor-General of Canada and suite left for England on 20th instant by the steamship *North America*.

Governor Meriwether, of New Mexico, reached Washington a few days since. He is in fine health. He tendered his resignation to President Pierce in February last.

Major George M'Neir, who was attacked on the 8th of January last with the National Hotel disease, died on 12th inst. without a struggle. His death will cast a gloom upon his old associates of the war of 1812. He was 64 years of age.

In a quarrel between John Clay, a son of Henry Clay, and a horse-trainer named Edgar, in Lexington, Kentucky, the former shot the latter twice with a pistol. One ball entered his mouth and passed out behind the ear; another ball lodged in his back. Edgar is reported mortally wounded. Clay immediately left Lexington, and has not been heard from since. The parties have not been on amicable terms for some time.

Professor D. Barton Ross, from the Rapides Institute, Alexandria, Louisiana, attempted suicide in Petersburg, Virginia, a few days since, by stabbing himself near the heart, and now lies in a critical position. He is the author of a series of school books, one of which is "The Southern Reader," and attributes the intention of taking his life to reverse of fortune, and the non-appreciation of his efforts in the furtherance of Southern literature.

Mr. Bryant and family arrived at Havre in the ship *William Tell* on the 31st ult.

The examination of the graduating class at the West Point Military Academy, has been in progress for the last fortnight; Benjamin F. Butler of Lowell, and Henry C. Deming of Hartford, being among the official Examiners. John C. Palfrey, son of John G. Palfrey, of Cambridge, and a previous graduate of Harvard College, bore off the highest honors.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows is to deliver an address before the literary societies of Antioch College, at the Commencement of that institution, June 30th.

Mr. Underwood, the Secretary of the New York Emigrant Aid Society, gives notice that the important manufacturing site at the Falls on the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, has been secured for improvement, and he publishes a letter from the Mayor of Fredericksburg, conveying to Northern capitalists and emigrants who desire to settle, their assurances of fraternal feeling and cordial good-will.

John Lapoint, for the murder of Robert Wheaton, Israel Shoultz, for shooting John Inham, and Jacob Joeslin, for killing his wife, were executed in the jail yard in St. Louis on 19th inst., and at Edwardsville, Illinois, Geo. W. Sharpe and John Johnson were hung for the murder of Barth.

Mary Rohr, the young girl for whose sake Theodore Ganz, of Rochester, committed suicide lately, by throwing himself before a locomotive, died on the 10th, of regret and self-accusation for having rejected him.

Jacob Sawyer of Sandown, New Hampshire, petitions the Legislature to change his name from plain Jacob to *Melrose Joy Milford Sawyer*, "as it would be more convenient!"

NEW KIND OF HABEAS CORPUS.

One of the French prisoners, Parot, having been liberated from the United States warrant under which he was held, was handed over last week, to the deputy keeper of Eldridge street jail, Mr. Harnard. Mr. Townshend, one of Parot's counsel, immediately came up and told Parot that he was no longer a prisoner of any one, and asked Mr. Harnard to produce his warrant.

Mr. HARNARD. "I have my authority, and shall arrest him."

Mr. TOWNSHEND. "I forbid you to take him into your custody. If you do so, it will be at your peril."

Mr. Harnard said he was indifferent to any threats that might be uttered; he had his duty to perform, and should do it. Having said this he passed his arm through the arm of Parot, and both came together out of the United States Marshal's office. Messrs. Townshend and Galbraith, Parot's counsel, followed directly on behind. He proceeded with Parot up Murray Street about half a block. Townshend and Galbraith kept telling Parot that he (Harnard) had no authority to detain him in custody. Suddenly, Mr. Townshend stepped up on his right side and seized him by the right arm. Mr. Galbraith made a similar and simultaneous movement on his left side. Both held his arms tight, and told Parot to go—to make himself free and run.

Parot was taken by surprise, and inquired if the counsel were really in earnest.

Mr. TOWNSHEND. "We mean what we say—run for your liberty—run quick, and don't stop to look around."

Mr. GALBRAITH. "I tell you he has no right to hold you as prisoner—you run and we will hold him."

Mr. Parot, assured now that the advice to escape was given meaningly, finally heeded the counsel, and proceeded on a run toward Broadway. Mr. Harnard struggled to get away, but found it impossible to break from the grip of the two attorneys. Parot turned into Broadway, and was out of sight in less than no time. He has made good his escape.

CHRISTIANITY IN BOSTON.

A Boston news-writer says: A young man, accompanied by two ladies, visited one of our fashionable churches Sunday, to hear a noted divine. Seats were assigned them by the gentlemanly sexton. Scarcely were they seated, when a woman (counterfeit article), dressed in the height of fashion, entered the pew and immediately knelt, joining in the prayer read by the pastor. She appeared to feel very uncomfortable, for some reason, which afterward appeared. The prayer being ended, she arose from her kneeling position, and said to the young man, "If you please, won't you go out; this pew belongs to us." Thereupon the gentleman and ladies (for such they were, in the largest sense of the word) immediately left in search of a pew large enough to accommodate strangers.

DEATH FROM A SPIDER BITE.

A Miss Sarah J. Colburn of Chaplin, Connecticut, died recently from the bite of a common black spider. The circumstances were these:

"When she rose on Monday morning, a week before her decease, she found the spider upon her pillow and felt a stinging sensation upon her lips, which continued until Friday, when her lip and face commenced swelling, and she was confined to her bed until Tuesday, when she died in great suffering. Her head, and face, and neck were very much swollen, so much so that she could neither see nor speak."

Whisky will draw the poison out of a spider bite, by applying it in a manner by which the liquor can not evaporate. A small glass bottle inverted over the wound is the better way. If the poison has begun to spread in the system, take a dose internally. Belladonna will answer the same purpose.

A NEW HIDING-PLACE.

One day last week one of the Gloucester officers had charge of a fellow whom he was taking to Ipswich County House. On arriving at the dépôt, however, he made his escape. In vain the officer looked for his prisoner, but he was *non inventus*. The officer gave up the search in despair and departed; whereupon the fellow disclosed himself to some by-standers by crawling from under the capacious skirts of a lady who had been standing at the corner of the dépôt. The *hoops* saved him.

THE LAST SNAKE STORY.

A lad of twelve years of age, son of Jacob Reinhart, was fishing in Upton, Pennsylvania, a few days since, when a black snake suddenly whipped itself twice around his body with such force as to throw him into the water, which was deep. A pole was thrust down to him, which struck him, and which he had presence of mind enough immediately to grasp, when he was drawn up. An attempt to grapple the snake proved unsuccessful, and resulted only in the operaters getting their fingers bit. So tight was the reptile coiled that it was necessary to turn a knife edgewise and use force to get it between the boy's clothes and the snake's skin; this accomplished, the sharp instrument was turned, and a vigorous two-handed cut severed the unwelcome living girdle in twain. The snake was four and a half feet long.

KILLED BY THE COMET.

It seems that a woman residing in Ocean County, New Jersey, died a few days ago from the effects of fright—was literally frightened to death. She had heard of the comet, and religiously believed that the end of all things would be this week. A few nights ago she saw the light from a large fire in the pines, and was immediately possessed with the idea that it was the comet; that the earth was on fire and about to be destroyed. Her alarm was so great that she was thrown into convulsions, from the effects of which she died the same night.

THE CROPS AT THE WEST.

A writer from the West says: "The whole West is now in its loveliest June attire. The season is late but luxuriant. The backward spring kept vegetation in check, and every thing seems to have burst into full leaf. During a trip of twelve hundred miles through the West, the eye every where rested on

"'Sweet fields arrayed in living green.'

"In Southern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Central Missouri, corn, though two weeks later than usual, presented its long rows of emerald, thrifty and shooting upward with a rapidity almost perceptible as the cultivator turned the mellow furrows. So of potatoes, of which a great breadth has every where been planted. Wheat, generally, was luxuriant, and beginning to head. The crop promises well. So of grass and fruit. Barley and rye headed out and top heavy.

"In Central Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, all kinds of crops are some later, but especially promising. Northern Ohio also gives abundant promise. The past two weeks have wrought wondrous changes. The rains have been seasonable and heavy. High prices and scarcity have set the farmers to work with more than usual diligence, and more ground is in cultivation all over the country than ever before. The indications are that potato fields are more than doubled in acres. The rot has disappeared, and high prices for a year or two past have made this crop a most profitable one in sections where the yield has been fair. If the present appearances are a type of the future, there will be no lack of food for man or beast the coming year."

EXECUTION OF A WIFE MURDERER.

Return J. M. Ward was executed at Toledo, Ohio, on 12th for the murder of his wife. He confessed to several murders.

He was brought out of his cell at 11 o'clock. Previously to being brought out of the cell he was dreadfully excited, his pulse running as high as 120 to 130 per minute; and for half an hour before leaving it, he was occupied with the priest saying his prayers, and bidding good-by to a few friends who visited him.

As they appeared and took places on the gallows, one could have heard a pin drop. His limbs were secured by Colonel Lathrop, of Sylvania. Ward was dressed in a white robe, white pants, and white slippers, with a cross around his neck, which he held in his hand. He wore white kid gloves, and trembled violently; but seemed more composed as the priest whispered a few words to him.

HIS CONFESSION.

The sheriff also addressed him, and then turned and said to those present that Ward wished to speak about a confession which he was reported as having made. Ward then said:

"Now that confession is not true. I tell you the truth. It is not so! Oh, it is not so! No, it is not so! Where is Mr. Fuller? I am very sorry he is not here. I gave him my history, but I am sorry to say that the confession is not true. They lie about me; but Mr. Price—God bless you!—you won't do it; will you? I killed my wife; that was bad enough. Yes, that was awful—yes, it was awful. That's all the person I have ever killed. I hope to meet you all in heaven, and I hope you'll all go there. Oh to look back and think our Saviour suffered for our sins! Yes, he suffered and died for us. My heart it was blacker than the blackest hat you ever saw. But now I am going to heaven, where I hope to see you all. Now, don't believe that confession. No, don't believe it. I am going to my father and my mother. I thought there was too many here, but I guess it is all right. I guess there ain't too many here. I hope you all have good feelings toward me. No one can now help me but God. I hope he will pardon me. I am much tired, and can't say a great deal. I can't say it so grand as many; but I guess you'll understand me."

THE LAST SCENE.

He continued to repeat these and similar expressions for some time, and then referred to his wife thus:

"I hope that this will be a warning to many men. I hope there will never be any more crime in the world. Oh, I killed my wife! That's enough! I made up my mind that if I could not have her, nobody else should. I have always been a hard-working man. I give my body to the preachers, and my soul to— Ah, let me see! I give my body to the preachers, and my soul to my Maker!"

He then muttered incoherently for a few minutes, and concluded by saying that he would just as lief tell all his sins as not.

The noose was put about his neck by Sheriff Springer. He kissed one of the priests, and arose to his feet, saying, "I am not afraid to die." He turned to the Sheriff and addressed him: "Springer, you did not have so much fuss about that fellow at Cleveland, did you?" From this time until the fall he was praying, uttering the confession, and muttering incoherent sentences. The cap was drawn over his face by the Sheriff, and he repeated a prayer after the priest. His last words were, "Oh, my God, I am thine! thou art mine!"

As he said these words, and at precisely five minutes before twelve o'clock, the bolt was drawn, and Ward dropped straight down, and hung motionless—only one slight motion of the feet, and all was over. The crime was expiated; Ward was dead.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THERE has been little doing in Parliament. Mr. Roebuck has made a motion for an inquiry into the relations of Great Britain with Brazil, which was negatived through the influence of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Disraeli has made inquiries, without material result, into the Central American question. The army estimates have been voted. Sir Charles Napier's application for an inquiry into the Board of Admiralty has been negatived.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S DOLL.

Our London correspondent writes: "A little episode in the life of the Princess Royal, Prussia's bride elect, would make a good subject for poet or painter, or both. Though a woman in years, yet thanks to the truly domestic habits of her royal mother, she is in manners and disposition still a child. It is but a few weeks ago that she resigned her favorite doll, the dear companion of the last six years of her life. A princess's doll! What think you it is like? Popular prescription would make it, doubtless, of gold-beater's skin, stuffed with diamonds. No such thing! I have seen that doll, and a very ordinary doll it is—not even one of Montanari's. Pretty well dressed it is, but something the worse for age; six years is a pretty good term of existence for any mortal doll. I suspect it was bought at the Soho Bazaar. Well! on the day her royal mother communicated to her first-born that she was no longer a child but a woman grown, and must now put away childish things, her strongest affections were manifested for her cherished playmate. 'May I not keep my doll?' The doll was doomed to perpetual exile, and the same day was handed over to the fostering care of a dependent's daughter near the Castle of Windsor. 'Here,' said the princess, 'here is my doll; mamma says, now I am engaged to be married, I must not play with dolls any more. So I will give it to you; mind you take care of it, and keep it as long as I have done, and be sure you dress it every day. Oh! dear! I am *so sorry*!' and imprinting a farewell kiss upon the faded cheeks of her pet companion, she rushed away in an agony of grief."

THE KING OF OUDE AMONG CHRISTIAN DOGS.

He adds: "One of the most striking and attractive objects to the promenaders in Hyde Park is the King of Oude, who rides about in truly Oriental magnificence, redolent, as the papers say, 'of barbaric pomp and gold.' Certainly he glitters in the sun like a peacock, and is a great favorite with the ladies. As he is one of the principal lions of the town, he was, as a matter of course, invited to the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. There was a great scarcity of literary men at this meeting, for the society has of late been in hot-water, and is 'cut' by Dickens and Carlyle and Macaulay. So, for effect, and as a stop-gap, the King of Oude was invited, and came *after* dinner; as his creed forbids his eating with Christian dogs. And the gentlemen who dispense the Royal Literary Fund felt and acknowledged themselves honored by his presence!"

LADY BULWER'S SORROWS.

He says: "Lady Bulwer, who could get no sympathy from the public through her silly, spiteful 'Very Successful,' has managed to catch the public ear by a new grievance connected with the matter of her wrongs, real or imaginary. It appears she sent to Lord Lyndhurst a packet of manuscript, which being written in that undecipherable hand ladies so much delight in, was at once laid aside unperused. Soon my Lord was startled by a request for the return of the 'rejected communication.' His lordship might have availed himself of the usual editorial plea, but the gallant champion of the dismissed fair handed the packet to his porter, with directions to give it to whoever might call for it. Lady Bulwer proclaims the parcel to be lost, and the ex-chancellor has found it necessary to proclaim from his seat in the House of Lords that he has made no improper use of the papers. Lady Bulwer publishes a letter in which she hints at some dark fraud or conspiracy by which the papers have been attracted into wrong hands. But she has a monomania, and conspiracy is the ruling genius of all her delusions. She lately accused the whole press of conspiring against her in favor of her husband, and to her confusion, by abusing her novel, 'Very Successful.' These and similar accusations show her ladyship to be very weak in judgment. Such a combination as she has hinted at is really impossible, for the very simple reason that different journals are too hostile to each other ever to act in unison. To assert that the criticisms which have condemned this book for various reasons are not genuine expressions of opinion, but the result of a general conspiracy to decry the merit of a really excellent work, looks very like a puffing expedient.

WHY MAYN'T A FELLOW MARRY?

He says: "The 'Fellows' of the University of Cambridge are once more agitating the question of their being permitted to marry. Marriage, they contend, is a measure calculated to augment the influence and extend the utility of the Colleges and University of Cambridge. Most people think that the very end and intention of a fellowship is opposed to married life. The fellowships promote the constant infusion of new blood into the governing body of the University, and excite competition among students. Clever young fellows who are anxious to marry soon find out their road in life, and throw down their fellowships. The bachelor will drone away the best of his life upon £300 a year, amidst the luxuries of a College life. The married Fellow's condition would be little less than deplorable, and it may, moreover, be doubted if the cloisters is a fit place for the recreation of squalling babes."

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

The great Derby race was won, as our readers are probably aware, by Blink Bonny. She is thus described by a connoisseur: "Blink Bonny is a bay mare, standing 15 hands 2¼ inches high; has a very neat, lean head, rather wide ears, and good length of neck; is very deep in the girth, and possesses beautiful oblique shoulders, immense ribs, powerful quarters, drooping a little toward the tail, which is a thin 'switch,' with very strong thighs, great bone, and large hocks and knees. She has a white blaze in the face running down toward the nose, and one white fore-fetlock joint. Her temper is remarkably docile, and her appearance generally conveys the idea of carrying with ease a great weight to hounds. All sorts of insinuations were thrown out respecting Blink Bonny during the winter, and her fluctuations in the betting at 'The Corner' gave rise to the belief that she was a 'safe un.' The true cause, however, we are assured by her owner, was an attack of dentition fever, brought on by the mare cutting her teeth. After Doncaster, where she was known to be a little 'off,' Blink Bonny began to thrive wonderfully; and M. I'Anson left her as well as possible (under the care of his son Robert, who has always looked after her, and on most occasions ridden her in public) when he started to the Liverpool Autumn meeting last November; but on his return from Shrewsbury he found her amiss, and since that period she had been regularly attended by two veterinary surgeons. Previous to being brought out at Newmarket she could scarcely eat her corn, and, as a matter of course, was in a thoroughly weak state; but wishing to keep faith with the public, and thinking her good enough to win the thousand even in that condition, M. I'Anson started the mare—with what result our readers are well acquainted. Since then her teeth have been rasped twice, and she has fed and done much better, but even now can not masticate a feed of corn without considerable difficulty." Her owner is said to have made $100,000 by the race.

THE NEW ARCTIC SEARCH.

Captain M'Clintock, the commander of Lady Franklin's expedition to the Polar regions, publishes a letter in which he thus speaks of his journey:

"I intend to sail about the end of June, from Aberdeen, and proceed to Barrow Strait—ascertain that the provisions, stores, and boats left at Port Leopold and Beechey Island by the recent searching expeditions are in good order, in the event of my having to fall back upon them—examine the state of the ice in Peel Strait, and, if practicable, proceed down it into the unknown area.

"Should I not succeed here I intend to return to Port Leopold, and proceed down Prince Regent's Inlet to Bellot Strait, and there make another attempt to pass into and through the field of search to Victoria Land, where I shall winter, and in the ensuing spring, before the thaw sets in, complete the entire exploration and search by means of sledges drawn by men and by dogs.

"In endeavoring to reach Victoria Land it is my intention to avoid, if possible, any risk of becoming involved in the ice; and, should I not succeed in reaching Victoria Land, I will return to Bellot Strait to pass the winter, as we know by experience that the retreat of the ship from there amounts almost to a certainty. From Victoria Land the homeward voyage is equally certain, but by way of Behring Straits."

DECAY OF THE GIPSIES.

A country paper in England says: "At last even the Gipsies are melting into civilization—the green and gorse-covered roadside spots where they used to encamp in security being inclosed, and thrown to the adjacent fields, and, being hunted out of the by-lanes, they have been compelled to make an effort. Several families have settled down in dwellings at Nettleham, and the men and women go out to work for the farmers, and make good laborers. At first the villagers did not take to their new neighbors very willingly, but, by degrees, distaste died away and most seem disposed to give the wandering tribes a fair chance of losing their past identity in becoming mixed with the settled and industrious population.

A PRETTY HARD CASE.

A convict died the other day at Milbank Penitentiary, whose prison-record was the following:

"On the 26th September, reported for refusing to work; 27th, the same; 28th, for loud talking and improper language, for which he was sentenced to six days' confinement in the refractory-cell on bread and water, the third day full diet. On the 29th, for attempting to assault an officer in the refractory-cell, he was sentenced to seven days' bread and water, the fourth full diet. On the 11th December for dirtying his cell and improper conduct in chapel, two days locked in refractory-cell, and one day bread and water. On the 12th, for shouting and insolence to the officers, for which he was removed to the dark cell. On the 16th, for tearing up the prison rules, and breaking thirty panes of glass, three days in the refractory cell, on full diet. On the 25th December, for improper language to Governor and others, and assaulting prisoners, twenty-four hours handcuffed, and six days in the refractory-cell, on bread and water; the fourth full diet. On the 2d January last, for tearing up his clothes, the bedclothes, and breaking twenty-four panes of glass, twenty-one days in his own cell on bread and water; every third day full diet, and 16*s.* 4*d.* of his money confiscated to the public. On the 5th, for shouting, and climbing up the ventilation-shaft, placed in strait-waistcoat and handcuffed for an hour and a half. On the 7th, for throwing his top-coat in the officer's face, twenty-four hours handcuffed. On the 8th, for making a nuisance in his cell and destroying the prison property, twenty-four hours in handcuffs. On the 17th, for destroying his shirt and threatening to hang himself, handcuffed. On the 25th, for destroying three blankets, two sheets, and one rug, twenty-four hours handcuffed. On May 7, for breaking forty-eight panes of glass, destroying one frock and nine pairs of drawers, and throwing a pint of gruel over an officer, for which he was placed in handcuffs for restraint, and referred to Captain O'Brien, one of the directors, who ordered twenty-eight days in his own cell on bread and water, with such intervals of full diet as the surgeon thought proper."

A LONDON GHOST.

A few days ago four men, who gave their names George and Edward Osborne, Alfred Taylor, and Henry Williams, were charged at the Marylebone police court with riotous conduct, and causing a mob to assemble on Paddington Green. The evidence went to show that, on the previous night, a crowd of upward of three hundred persons were collected together on the green, in consequence of a report, which for the last six days had been circulated, and the truth of which was relied upon, that a female figure, clad in white, and holding in one hand a lighted taper, and in the other a knife, with her arm uplifted, had, upon many occasions, frightened passengers at the "witching hour" by her appearance in Paddington church-yard, in the attitude and habiliments above alluded to. Cox, in answer to questions from Mr. Broughton, said that when he went to the spot he heard loud cries of "There it is, there it is! I have seen it." The prisoners cried out more loudly than any one else, and they were consequently taken into custody. The prisoners, in answer to the charge, said that, hearing that there was a ghost to be seen, they, like others, joined the crowd to look at it; they did not, however, see any thing of the kind. The accused parties were discharged by Mr. Broughton, who considered that, as they had been locked up in the station-house for many hours, they had been sufficiently punished; at the same time advising them to attend to their work and their homes, rather than congregate with others in a church-yard from a report that one who had been interred therein had "revisited the glimpses of the moon." It is understood that the ghost affair originated in the frequent visits of a woman to the grave of her husband at the dead of the night.

A POET'S JAWS.

When the late Mr. Robert Burns was buried, on 19th ult., in the mausoleum of St. Michael's, Dumfries, the coffin of his father, the poet, was opened. The body was in a state of great preservation; the teeth were still sticking in the jaws of Scotland's great genius.

FISHING BY TELEGRAPH.

At Messrs. Glass and Elliot's yard, in London, a fine submarine cable is being made for the Norwegian government. This is, as far as we are aware, probably the first electric telegraph which has ever been used for fishing purposes. During the fishing season the shoals of herrings enter the fiords of Norway at most unexpected intervals, and at places where often not more than one or two fishing-boats are to be found. Before the boats from the surrounding bays and fiords can be summoned to the spoil the herrings have generally spawned and are away to sea again. To prevent these repeated disappointments and losses to the fishermen, the Norwegian government is about to lay a submarine cable along some fifty miles of the coast most frequented by the shoals, with land stations at short distances communicating with the fishing villages. The instant the shoal is seen in the offing, therefore (and it can always be known at a distance by the whales which surround it), a message will be sent along the coast telling each village the fiord or bay which it has entered. Alas for the poor herrings!

FRANCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the Prefects on the subject of the elections, in which he says: "Assuredly it may be said that the party proposing to be elected and the elector will have complete freedom, the one to come forward, the other to express his choice and propose him to his fellow-citizens. If, nevertheless, the enemies of the public peace should think to find in this latitude an opportunity of making a seditious protest against our institutions—if they should attempt to convert it into an instrument of disorder or scandal—you know your duties, Monsieur le Préfet, and justice would also know how not less severely to perform hers. But these excesses will not take place. Should they be attempted, their suppression will inflict no injury on the freedom of universal suffrage; thrice consecrated by him, the Emperor always invokes it with confidence."

There still appears some dissension among the Republican party on the subject of the elections, and it is not now certain that General Cavaignac will come forward as a candidate. Of his refusal and that of some others to take the oath to the Emperor there can be no doubt. Under such circumstances, many of the working classes in the faubourgs of Paris would prefer men of more advanced doctrines. If, they say, a manifestation is all you want, the best thing to do is at once to propose such men as Barbès, Raspail, Charras, and others, who are among the most committed to the party, and who are, moreover, among the deepest of the Reds. In the mean time the Prefects are at work in the departments preparing for the 21st, when the elections commence.

DISSOLUTION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislative Session has just closed. It terminates the first Legislature of the second empire. According to the terms of the Constitution of 1852, the deputies are elected for six years. As the Legislative body was named on the 29th of February, 1852, the general elections might be deferred until the month of March, 1858. But as from the present time until that period the Chamber would have preserved only a nominal existence, and as, should it remain unrenewed before the full expiration of the sixth year, the Session of 1858 could not commence until later than usual, probably toward the end of March, the immediate dissolution was considered advisable, as well as the approaching convocation of the electoral colleges for a new general election. It is supposed that the Imperial decree for that purpose will be published almost immediately.

THE THURNEYSSEN FRAUD.

A Paris letter says: "The town is still engrossed with the financial catastrophe of M. C. Thurneyssen, which affects some interests very severely. Among the principal creditors a Count P—— is mentioned, who had confided 10,000,000 francs to the firm, from which he drew no interest, but allowed it to remain on deposit. A Count C—— is in for 2,800,000, and a Russian nobleman, Prince S——, for 200,000; the whole defalcation amounting to more than 20,000,000 francs. M. Thurneyssen, who foresaw the misfortune which had befallen him, was for some days gloomy and preoccupied. His family, uneasy and apprehensive that his position might lead to some desperate act, watched him without his knowledge. Some days ago he shut himself in his room, but Madame Thurneyssen being informed of it rushed into the apartment at the moment when, with a pistol in his hand, he was about to put an end to his existence. Madame Thurneyssen and the family bitterly reproached the unfortunate man, and at length persuaded him to depart for America; he only consented to leave France on the condition that two of his children should accompany him, which was the more readily agreed to as their presence will guarantee his family from the return of these suicidal ideas."

A PATRIOT SHUT UP IN A MADHOUSE.

An incident of rather a strange character, and which has produced a painful impression among the Italian refugees in Paris, occurred a week or two ago. One of the most eminent of the Italian patriots, and who behaved with remarkable courage during the bombardment of Venice, M. Joseph Sirtori, suddenly disappeared about the 13th of May last. M. Sirtori's friends were naturally surprised at his sudden and unaccountable disappearance, and made every effort to discover the place of his concealment. For some time these efforts were fruitless. After eleven days spent in much exertion and anxiety, they discovered that M. Sirtori had been shut up in the lunatic asylum of Bicêtre, where it was impossible for him to communicate with any one outside. The moment this fact was discovered his friends addressed themselves to the authorities, and on their demand he was at once restored to liberty. A medical certificate declared that there was nothing the matter with him. Nevertheless, it is said, he was subjected to the restraint of a strait-waistcoat for three days. The explanations were, that a mistake on the part of a *sergent de-ville* led to his confinement. In some cases such violence would be likely to cause insanity. M. Sirtori bore the outrage committed on him with calm self-possession. The affair has been a good deal talked of among the Italians.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BAR.

Three young advocates appeared, the other day, before the Imperial Court to take the usual oaths on their admission to the bar. When M. Lionville, *batonnier* of the order, rose to present them, the First President of the Court, M. Delangle, said, "Monsieur le Batonnier, it is the custom for licentiates in law before their admission to pay a visit to the First President at his house, and, if he be absent, to leave their cards. One of those whom you now present has had the impropriety to send me his card by post, and he will not be allowed to take the oaths."

ROYAL RECEIPT TO A COBBLER.

A few days since great scandal was brought upon the *ancienne regime* of France by the sale of two very curious parchments, one being a receipt given by Louis XI.'s tailor for the sum of thirty sols for putting a new pair of sleeves to an old leather *pourpoint* of his majesty, and the other a receipt from the royal shoemaker, for fifteen deniers, for furnishing a box of grease for the king's boots.

DYING BETWEEN TWO THIEVES.

Two dignitaries of the Second Empire have lately been lost to France—M. Vieillard, the old and early friend of Louis Napoleon, and M. de Pastoret, who after having served for years as tutor and guardian to the Comte de Chambord, accepted, with a mysterious suddenness, the pay and trappings of a Napoleonic Senator, to the disgust and surprise of all honorable Legitimists. A veteran member of the French Academy, now lying dangerously ill, on hearing of these two deaths, exclaimed, "*Ah! mon Dieu, je vais mourir comme Notre Seigneur, entre deux larrons.*"

THE CONSEQUENCE OF NOT GOING TO CONFESSION.

The commune of Nanterre, faithful to its traditions, was one Sunday, lately, to have crowned a *rosière*. Ste. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, was born at Nanterre, and the house in which she lived and the well from which she drew the water for her sheep still exist. For several centuries pilgrimages to this place were regularly made. They were abolished in 1793, but re-established in 1820, and it was at this latter period that a mayor of Nanterre conceived the idea of turning to account the number of people who flocked to the place, and established the annual ceremony of crowning the *rosière*. The commune grants a sum of 300 francs, which is given with the title of *rosière* to a poor girl born in the village, and whose good conduct has procured her the recommendation of the principal inhabitants. The *rosière* also receives from the lady who accepts the office of crowning her, a present equal in value to the sum given by the commune. The ceremony takes place in the church, whither the young girl selected for the honor proceeds dressed in white, with vail, bouquet of orange flowers, etc., just as if she were about to be married. This year there were three candidates, of whom a Mlle. Delaunay appeared certain of being crowned, as she had obtained eighteen votes to two at the last meeting of the municipal council. Unfortunately she had forgotten to go to confession at Easter, and the *curé* in consequence refused to accept her. The result has been a dissension between the municipal authorities and that of the Church, which has ended in no *rosière* being crowned this year.

RUSSIA.

A GENERAL WELL THRASHED.

The *Czas* of Cracow tells the following story: "We have to-day received some positive information relative to the affair of the students at Kiew, and it differs in many points from the version which we published a few days ago. In the month of February last an officer, in a state of intoxication, killed a student in a quarrel which took place at a ball, and that event produced a considerable sensation, although the young man before he died begged that his murderer should be pardoned, as he was not in his senses when he committed the act. Since that time there have been constant quarrels between the students and the officers, up to the last affair of General de Br——, which occurred in the following manner: A student struck a dog which was attempting to bite him; the owner of the dog, General de Br——, well known for his irritable temper, asked the student why he beat the animal. 'Because he attempted to bite me,' replied the student, at the same time giving it another blow. The General, greatly annoyed, called the police, and had the student arrested. On his being summoned to deliver up his sword, for the students wear a uniform and a sword, he put himself on his defense, and protested against being arrested by any authority but that of the university. Notwithstanding his resistance and remonstrances, his sword was taken from him. At the same moment he managed to escape from the hands of the police, and went to the rector of the university, who referred him to the council of that body. The council only assembles once a week (Friday), and as the General was to leave the place on Wednesday, the students resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and wreak vengeance for the insult offered to their body. An opportunity soon presented itself. On the evening of the 26th the General went to the theatre, and more than three hundred students assembled and waited at the door for his coming out. The General having received notice of what was going on, left the house before the close of the representation, accompanied by several officers. He did not, however, escape, for the students who had been watching his movements gave the signal, and the moment he reached the street he was surrounded, the officers knocked down, and the General himself, being thrown on the ground, received about sixty blows with a stick. One of the gendarmes present drew his sword, but he was overpowered, and received several stabs from a poniard, of which he died shortly after. A detachment of troops came up at the moment, and the students took to flight. On the following morning sixty-four of them were arrested, and although none of them made any avowal, six were condemned, probably as the presumed leaders, to one year's service as simple soldiers."

AUSTRIA.

DEATH OF THE ARCHDUCHESS SOPHIA.

The following bulletins preceded the death of the young daughter of the Emperor of Austria:

"BUDA, *May* 28, Noon.

"The Archduchess Sophia has quietly slumbered during the whole morning. The slow development of the complaint, and the consequent weakness, plainly indicate that the process of teething is still going on."

"6 o'clock P.M.

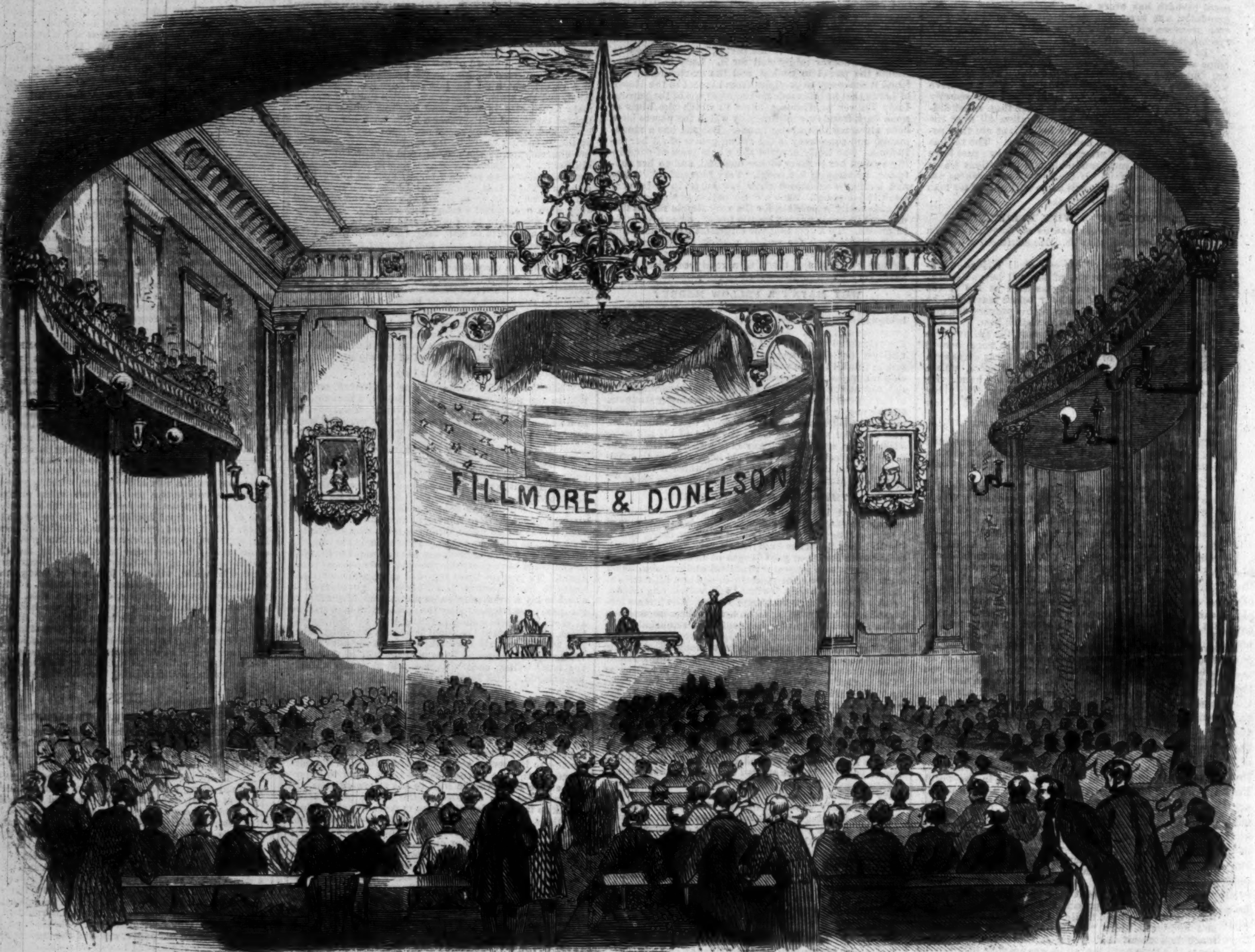
"The sickness of the Archduchess Sophia in the morning, which would seem to indicate that the mucous membrane of the stomach is affected, has ceased, but the sinking of the strength of the patient continues."

The poor child, who was rather more than two years old, died on 29th ult. between 10 and 11 o'clock. It is to be supposed that the afflicted parents were at their little daughter's bedside during the last day of her life. The deceased Archduchess was a great favorite with the ladies of Vienna, who had always some little story to tell about her. All that is known of the poor little girl is, that she had a great antipathy to her gloves, but never failed to have them put on before she came to the gate of the city which leads to the Prater (the Hyde Park of Vienna), as she had been told that the guard had received orders not to turn out and beat the drum when children passed with a pair of uncovered hands dangling out of the window of the carriage.

ITALY.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA SIGHT-SEEING.

The Empress of Russia, although a great invalid, is the most determined sight-seer that ever went to Rome. She goes every where—ruins, churches, public monuments, and private studios are most systematically visited by her Majesty, whose open carriage, outrider and postillions in blue velvet jackets, are to be seen in every ancient antiquarian haunt, as well as every promenade of public resort. Cardinal Antonelli is in constant attendance upon the Empress. At Albano her Majesty was informed that the town was celebrated for handsome women, upon which she expressed a wish to see some of those seducing beauties. They made their appearance accordingly—the *belles* of the place, in all the glories of scarlet jackets, coral necklaces, and snowy kerchiefs and head-dresses. The Empress was so well pleased with the exhibition, that she presented each of the *belle ragazze* with five Napoleons to buy a new dress.



AMERICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION AT LOUISVILLE.

THE NATIONAL AMERICAN COUNCIL AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

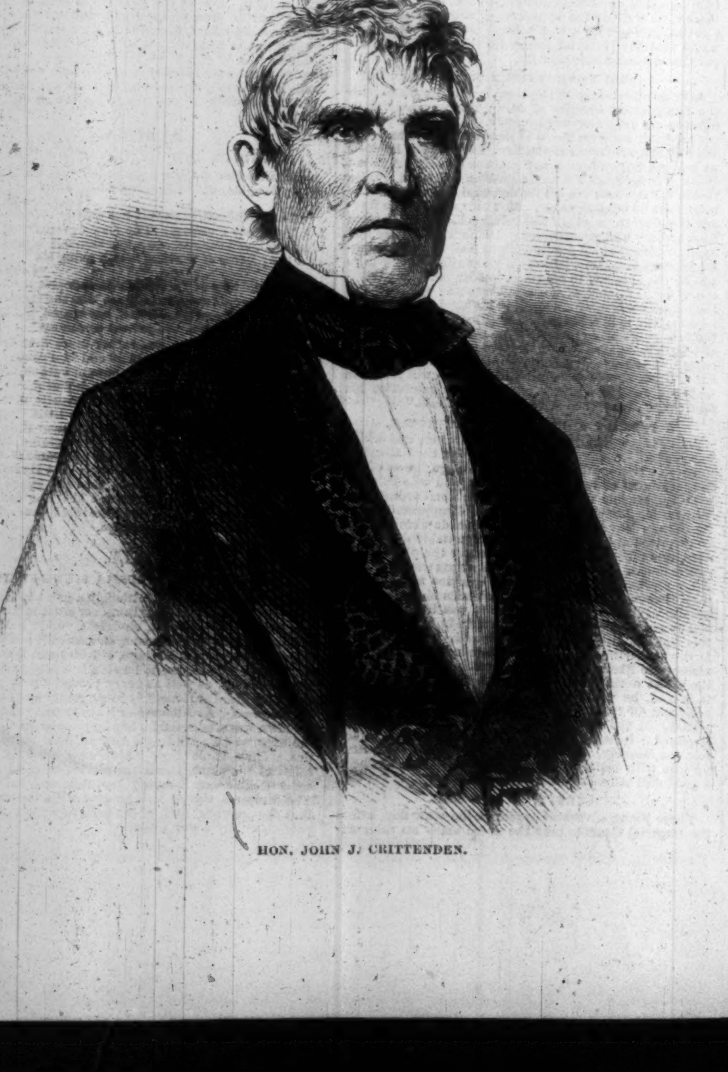
WE are enabled to give this week a few illustrations of the meeting of the American Council, which took place a few days ago at Louisville, Kentucky. And in this connection we may as well say at once that if any subscribers of *Harper's Weekly* expect to find in it illustrations drawn and printed in anticipation of the events which they depict, they will be disappointed. That is a branch of enterprise of which this journal will leave its contemporaries an undisputed monopoly; we shall be content with illustrating events as they occur. By this means we shall, at all events, avoid such awkward accidents as the elaborate illustration of ceremonies, speeches, and celebrations which never took place.

The meeting of the American Council at Louisville was brief; it was called to order on June 2d, at Mozart Hall, Louisville, Kentucky, and adjourned *sine die* on the evening of the 3d.

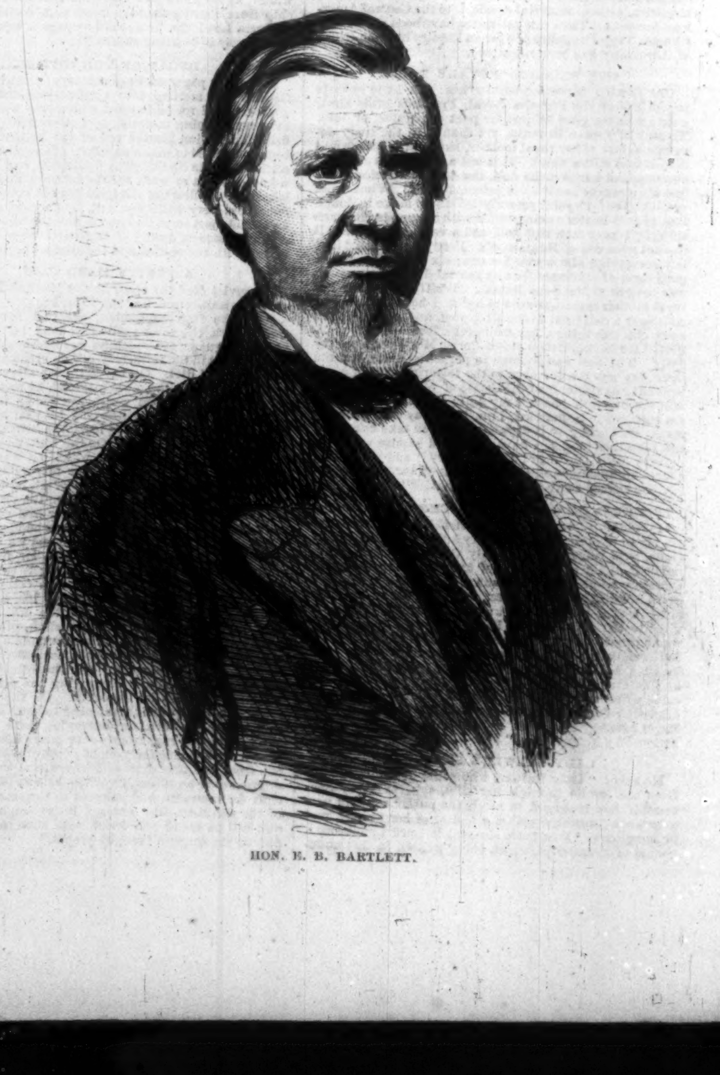
E. B. Bartlett, of Kentucky, who has been President of the National Council for two years, was in the chair; in spite of his expressed desire to be relieved of the onerous duties of President, he was re-elected unanimously to the office.

The working man in Committee was the Hon. Erastus Brooks, of New York. He opened the Convention with a general speech on the past, present, and future of the party; then retired to prepare resolutions on Organization and the Platform. The Council was also addressed by Hon. Anthony Kennedy, of Maryland; R. W. Thompson, of Indiana; General Scroggs, Stephen B. Cushing, and Daniel Bowley, of New York; Colonel Shackleford, of Mississippi; Mr. Cunningham, of Missouri; Mr. Baldwin, of Connecticut, and others.

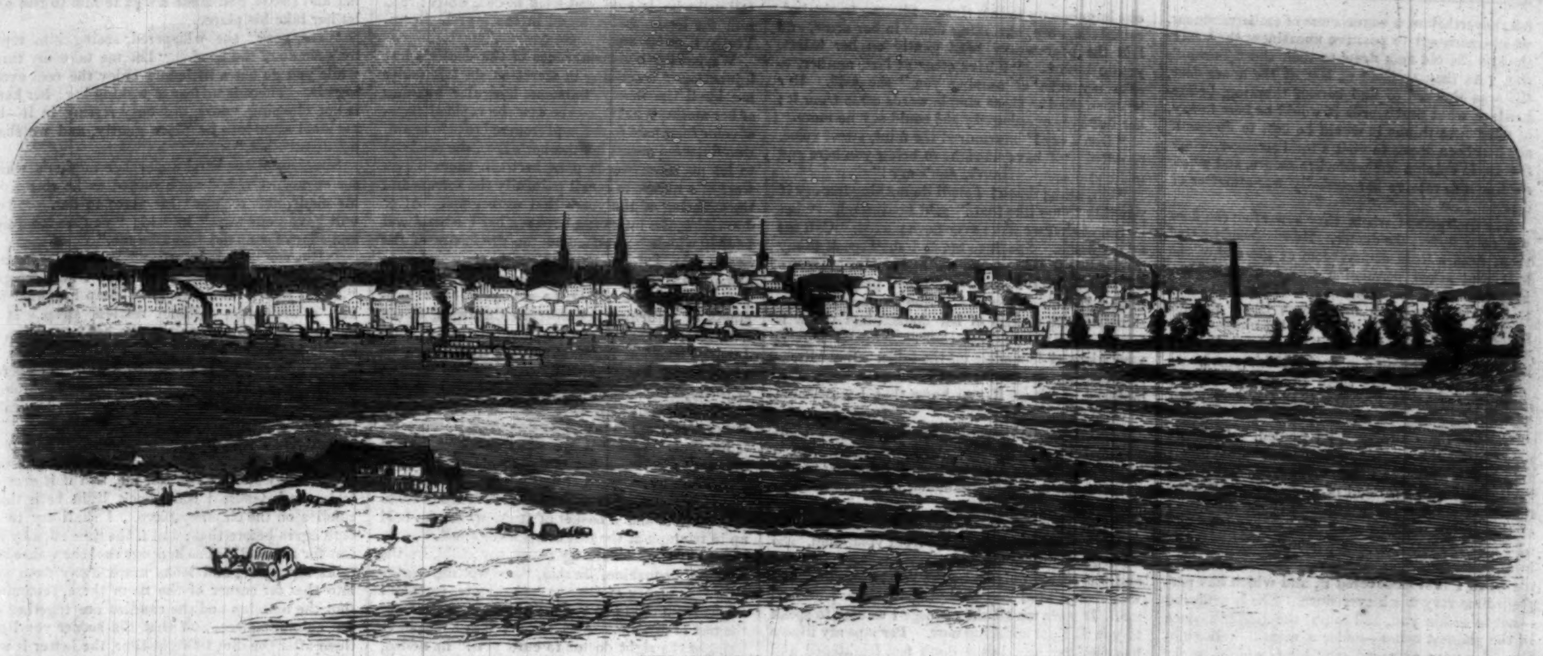
The usual address was reported from the Committee by the Hon. Erastus Brooks, and adopted by acclamation. Its leading points are a declaration that the Union must be preserved, and sectional agitation discouraged; that foreign criminals and paupers must be excluded from the country; that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case must be upheld; finally, that alien suffrage must be repudiated, and the naturalization laws amended.



HON. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.



HON. E. B. BARTLETT.



CITY OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

But in respect to a plan of organization and a platform the Council paid very little respect to the recommendations of the Committee. The plan of the Committee for future organization contemplated a general throwing open of the party doors to all citizens who chose to vote the party ticket, without condition or restraint of any kind. The plan adopted by the Council simply devolved upon the party in each State the duty of organizing in the way it saw fit. In respect to the platform, the Committee reported various resolutions bearing on the peculiar tenets of "American" faith; but, on the proposition of General Scroggs, of Buffalo, they were thrown overboard, and the old platform of 1856 reiterated, with the exception of those sections which referred to the administration of Mr. Pierce. Its leading points may be thus summed up: maintenance of the Union; exclusion of foreign-born citizens from office; exclusion from office of all citizens who owe allegiance to foreign powers or potentates; non-interference by Congress in State affairs, and by one State in the affairs of another; recognition of the right of Territories to settle their social and domestic institutions, and to be admitted to the Union when they have the requisite population; denial of the right of foreigners to suffrage in Territories; extension of the foreigner's term of residence before naturalization to twenty-one years; no interference with private conscience; the maintenance of all laws till judicially nullified.

Having transacted this business, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Of the leading men, we have selected four, and have given their portraits from photographs by Webster and Brother, of Louisville, Ky. They are the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, Hon. Humphrey Marshall, E. B. Bartlett, and George D. Prentice.

Mr. Marshall, who has long been well known as a leading Kentucky politician, performed his most important political service as Commissioner to China under Mr. Fillmore. His memory is respectfully cherished by our countrymen in China, whose interests he labored faithfully and efficiently to protect. On his return he found the old Whig party wrecked, and embraced Americanism as his creed. Should the Native Americans ever elect a President, he would be a prominent candidate for high office. He was, unfortunately, unable to attend the Council at Louisville.

Mr. Crittenden is another of Mr. Fillmore's friends. Born about the year 1795, he has at various times filled public offices with credit and success. At the death of General Taylor, and the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, he became Attorney-General. His opinions during his incumbency of that office are among the most luminous in its archives, and were received with unbounded respect by the country at large. In common with his chief, he embraced Know-Nothingism at the demise of Whiggism, and has acted from the first as one of the leaders of the American party. He occupies a seat in the Senate as Senator from Kentucky. Mr. Crittenden is perhaps more esteemed by his political opponents than any member of the American party. This distinction he owes to his high-toned and chivalrous character, and the generosity which constitutes one of his leading characteristics.

The portrait of Mr. George D. Prentice represents one of the most truly influential men in the West. A New Englander by birth, a native of Connecticut, Mr. Prentice made Kentucky his home a quarter of a century since, and after some apprenticeship to the editorial profession on other sheets, crowned his labors on the Louisville *Journal*. Through his genius that newspaper has become one of the very few journals which, printed outside of New York, exercise influence on the mind of the nation. Its judgments are quoted, its opinions considered even by its political antagonists. We hardly know where to look for a paper of equal character and force beyond the limits of this city.

In certain departments of journalism Mr. Prentice has hardly a rival in the country. His forte is personal controversy; he is perhaps the most thorough master of wit, sarcasm, and invective that we have. Those who remember his controversy with Mr. James B. Clay will bear us out in this assertion. His replies to Mr. Clay deserve to be printed in school-books for the study of youth. A part of his power as a writer Mr. Prentice owes, of course, to his natural talent; but he is perhaps indebted still more to his long experience and careful training. His careful cultivation of poetry has been of no small service to him in the formation of his style.

It is due to Mr. Prentice to add, that, while his talents have placed him at the head of the editorial profession in the West, his character has won the esteem and respect of the profession and the public throughout the country. He was, we believe, the first editor who had the courage to declare that he would not be held responsible in the field for comments which it was his duty to make on public men in his newspaper—a doctrine which is now universally received throughout the country, and indeed without which the liberty of the press would be a mere illusion.

THE DEAD SECRET.

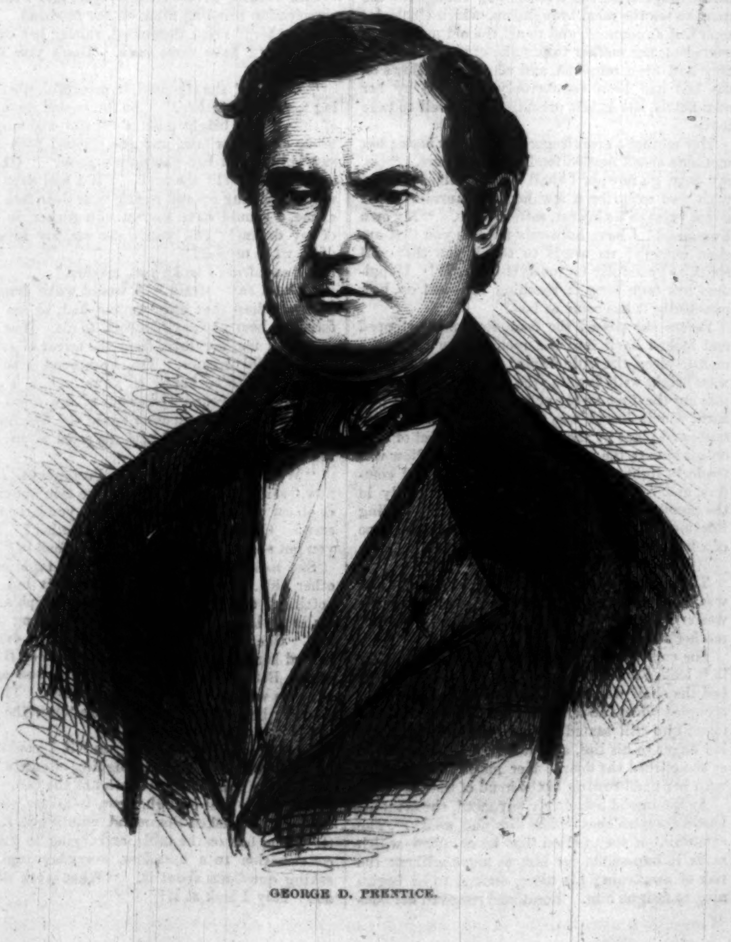
CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH. THE CLOSE OF DAY.

THE night, with its wakeful anxieties, wore away at last; and the morning light dawned hopefully; for it brought with it the promise of an end to Rosamond's suspense.

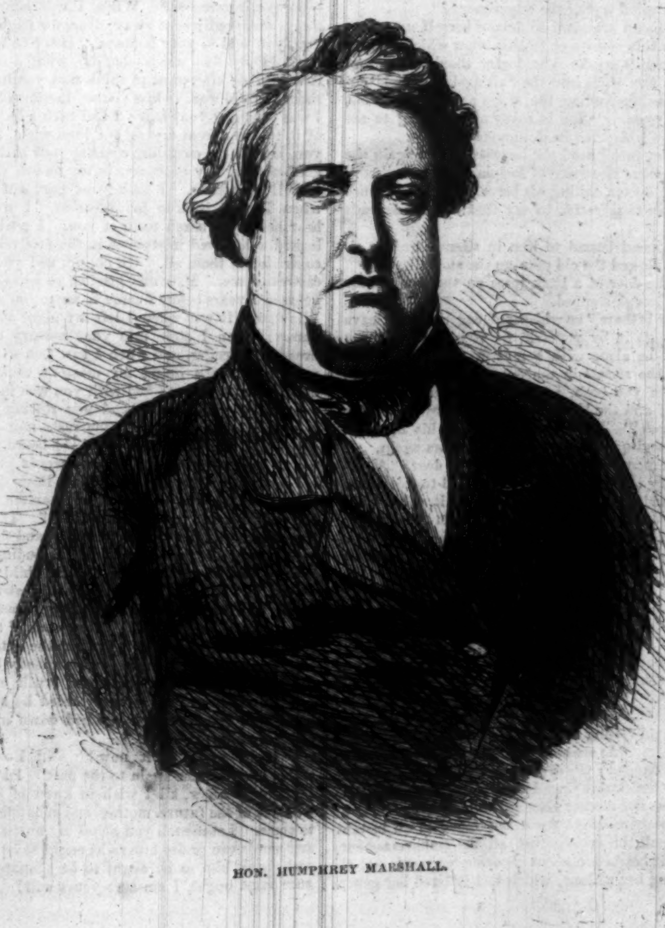
The first event of the day was the arrival of Mr. Nixon, who had received a note on the previous evening, written by Leonard's desire, to invite him to breakfast. Before the lawyer withdrew, he had settled with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary to effect the restoration of the purchase-money of Porthgenna Tower, and had dispatched a messenger with a letter to Bayswater, announcing his intention of calling upon Andrew Treverton that afternoon, on private business of importance relating to the personal estate of his late brother.

Toward noon, Uncle Joseph arrived at the hotel to take Rosamond with him to the house where her mother lay ill.

He came in, talking, in the highest spirits, of the wonderful change for the better that had been wrought in his niece by the affectionate message which he had taken to her on the previous evening. He declared that it made her look happier, stronger, younger, all in a moment; that it had given her the longest, quietest, sweetest night's sleep she had enjoyed for years and years past; and, last, best triumph of all, that its good influence had been acknowledged, not an hour since, by the doctor himself. Rosamond listened thankfully, but it was with a wandering attention, with a mind ill at ease. When she had taken leave of her husband, and when she and Uncle Joseph were out in the street together, there was something in the prospect of the approaching interview between her mother and herself, which, in spite of her efforts to resist the sensation, almost daunted her. If they could have come together, and have recognized each other without time to think what should be first said or done on either side, the meeting would have been nothing more than the natural result of the discovery of the Secret. But, as it was, the waiting, the doubting, the mournful story of the past, which had filled up the emptiness of the last day of suspense, all had their depressing effect on Rosamond's impulsive disposition. Without a thought in her heart which was not tender, compassionate, and true toward her mother, she now



GEORGE D. PRENTICE.



HON. HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

felt, nevertheless, a vague sense of embarrassment, which increased to positive uneasiness the nearer she and the old man drew to their short journey's end. As they stopped at last at the house-door, she was shocked to find herself thinking, beforehand, of what first words it would be best to say, of what first things it would be best to do—as if she had been about to visit a total stranger, whose favorable opinion she wished to secure, and whose readiness to receive her cordially was a matter of doubt.

The first person whom they saw after the door was opened, was the doctor. He advanced toward them from a little empty room at the end of the hall, and asked permission to speak with Mrs. Frankland for a few minutes. Leaving Rosamond to her interview with the doctor, Uncle Joseph gayly ascended the stairs to tell his niece of her arrival, with an activity which might well have been envied by many a man of half his years.

"Is she worse? Is there any danger in my seeing her?" asked Rosamond, as the doctor led her into the empty room.

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "She is much better this morning; and the improvement, I find, is mainly due to the composing and cheering influence on her mind of a message which she received from you last night. It is the discovery of this which makes me anxious to speak to you now on the subject of one particular symptom of her mental condition, which surprised and alarmed me when I first discovered it, and which has perplexed me very much ever since. She is suffering—not to detain you, and to put the matter at once in the plainest terms—under a mental hallucination of a very extraordinary kind, which, so far as I have observed it, affects her generally toward the close of day, when the light gets obscure. At such times there is an expression in her eyes as if she fancied some person had walked suddenly into the room. She looks and talks at perfect vacancy, as you or I might look or talk at some one who was really standing and listening to us. The old man, her uncle, tells me that he first observed this when she came to see him (in Cornwall, I think he said) a short time since. She was speaking to him then on private affairs of her own, when she suddenly stopped, just as the evening was closing in, startled him by a question on the old superstitious subject of the reappearance of the dead, and then, looking away at a shadowed corner of the room, began to talk at it—exactly as I have seen her look and heard her talk up stairs. Whether she fancies that she is pursued by an apparition, or whether she imagines that some living person enters her room at certain times, is more than I can say, and the old man gives me no help in guessing at the truth. Can you throw any light on the matter?"

"I hear of it now for the first time," answered Rosamond, looking at the doctor in amazement and alarm.

"Perhaps," he rejoined, "she may be more communicative with you than she is with me. If you could manage to be by her bedside at dusk to-day or to-morrow, and if you think you are not likely to be frightened by it, I should very much wish you to see and hear her when she is under the influence of her delusion. I have tried in vain to draw her attention away from it at the time, or to get her to speak of it afterward. You have evidently considerable influence over her, and you might, therefore, succeed where I have failed. In her state of health I attach great importance to clearing her mind of every thing that clouds and oppresses it, and especially of such a serious hallucination as that which I have been describing. If you could succeed in combating it, you would be doing her the greatest service, and would be materially helping my efforts to improve her health. Do you mind trying the experiment?"

Rosamond promised to devote herself unreservedly to this service or to any other which was for the patient's good. The doctor thanked her, and led the way back into the hall again. Uncle Joseph was descending the stairs as they came out of the room. "She is ready and longing to see you," he whispered in Rosamond's ear.

"I am sure I need not impress on you again the very serious necessity of keeping her composed," said the doctor, taking his leave. "It is, I assure you, no exaggeration to say that her life depends on it."

Rosamond bowed to him in silence, and in silence followed the old man up the stairs.

At the door of a back room on the second floor Uncle Joseph stopped.

"She is there," he whispered, eagerly. "I leave you to go in by yourself, for it is best that you should be alone with her at first. I shall walk about the streets in the fine warm sunshine, and think of you both, and come back after a little. Go in; and the blessing and the mercy of God go with you!" He lifted her hand to his lips, and softly and quickly descended the stairs again.

Rosamond stood alone before the door. A momentary tremor shook her from head to foot as she stretched out her hand to knock at it. The same sweet voice that she had last heard in her bedroom at West Winston answered her now. As its tones fell on her ear, a thought of her child stole quietly into her heart and stilled its quick throbbing. She opened the door at once and went in.

Neither the look of the room inside, nor the view from the window; neither its characteristic ornaments, nor its prominent pieces of furniture; none of the objects in it or about it, which would have caught her quick observation at other times, struck it now. From the moment when she opened the door, she saw nothing but the pillows of the bed, the head resting on them, and the face turned toward hers. As she stepped across the threshold that face changed; the eyelids drooped a little, and the pale cheeks were tinged suddenly with burning red.

Was her mother ashamed to look at her?

The bare doubt freed Rosamond in an instant from all the self-distrust, all the embarrassment, all the hesitation about choosing her words and directing her actions, which had fettered her generous impulses up to this time. She ran to the bed, raised the worn, shrinking figure in her arms, and laid the poor weary head gently on her warm, young bosom. "I have come at last, mother, to take my turn at nursing you," she said. Her heart swelled as those simple words came from it; her full eyes overflowed; she could say no more.

"Don't cry!" murmured the faint, sweet voice, timidly. "I have no right to bring you here and make you sorry. Don't, don't cry!"

"Oh, hush! hush! I shall do nothing but cry if you talk to me like that!" said Rosamond. "Let us forget that we have ever been parted. Call me by my name. Speak to me as I shall speak to my own child, if God spares me to see him grow up. Say 'Rosamond!' and—oh, pray, pray—tell me to do something for you!" She tore asunder passionately the strings of her bonnet, and threw it from her on the nearest chair. "Look! here is your glass of lemonade on the table. Say 'Rosamond, bring me my lemonade!' say it familiarly, mother! say it as if you knew that I was bound to obey you!"

She repeated the words after her daughter, but still not in steady tones—repeated them with a sad, wondering smile, and with a lingering of the voice on the name of Rosamond, as if it was a luxury to her to utter it.

"You made me so happy with that message, and with the kiss you sent me from your child," she said, when Rosamond had given her the lemonade, and was seated quietly by the bedside again. "It was such a kind way of saying that you pardoned me. It gave me all the courage I wanted to speak to you as I am speaking now. Perhaps my illness has changed me, but I don't feel frightened and strange with you, as I thought I should at our first meeting after you knew the Secret. I think I shall soon get well enough to see your child. Is he like what you were at his age? If he is, he must be very, very—" She stopped. "I may think of that," she added, after waiting a little; "but I had better not talk of it, or I shall cry, too; and I want to have done with sorrow now."

While she spoke those words, while her eyes were fixed with wistful eagerness on her daughter's face, the old instinct of neatness was still mechanically at work in her weak, wasted fingers. Rosamond had tossed her gloves from her on the bed but the minute before; and already her mother had taken them up, and was smoothing them out carefully and folding them neatly together, all the while she spoke.

"Call me 'mother' again," she said, as Rosamond took the gloves from her and thanked her with a kiss for folding them up; "I have never heard you call me 'mother' till now—never, never till now—from the day when you were born!"

Rosamond checked the tears that were rising in her eyes again, and repeated the word.

"It is all the happiness I want, to lie here and look at you, and hear you say that! Is there any other woman in the world, my love, who has a face so beautiful and so kind as yours?" She paused, and smiled, faintly.

"I can't look at those sweet, rosy lips now," she said, "without thinking how many kisses they owe me!"

"If you had only let me pay the debt before!" said Rosamond, taking her mother's hand as she was accustomed to take her child's, and placing it on her neck. "If you had only spoken the first time we met, when you came to nurse me! How sorrowfully I have thought of that since! Oh, mother, did I distress you much, in my ignorance! Did it make you cry when you thought of me after that?"

"Distress me! All my distress, Rosamond, has been of my own making, not of yours. My kind, thoughtful love, you said, 'Don't be hard on her'—do you remember? When I was being sent away, deservedly sent away, dear, for frightening you, you said to your husband, 'Don't be hard on her!' Only five words—but oh, what a comfort it was to me afterward to think that you had said them! I did want to kiss you so, Rosamond, when I was brushing your hair; I had such a hard fight of it to keep from crying out loud when I heard you, behind the curtains, wishing your little child good-night. My heart was in my mouth, choking me all that time. I took your part afterward, when I went back to my mistress. I wouldn't hear her say a harsh word of you. I could have looked a hundred mistresses in the face then, and contradicted them all. Oh no, no, no! you never distressed me. My worst grief at going away was years and years before I came to nurse you at West Winston. It was when I left my place at Porthgenna; when I stole into your nursery on that dreadful morning, and when I saw you with both your little arms round my master's neck. The doll you had taken to bed with you was in one of your hands; and your head was resting on the captain's bosom, just as mine rests now—oh, so happily, Rosamond!—on yours. I heard the last words he was speaking to you—words you were too young to remember. 'Hush! Rosie dear,' he said; 'don't cry any more for poor mamma. Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him!' There, my love, there was the bitterest distress, and the hardest to bear! I, your own mother, standing like a spy, and hearing him say that to the child I dared not own: 'Think of poor papa!' My own Rosamond, you know now what father *I* thought of when he said those words! How could I tell him the Secret? How could I give him the letter, with his wife dead that morning—with nobody but you to comfort him—with the awful truth crushing down upon my heart at every word he spoke as heavily as ever the rock crushed down upon the father you never saw!"

"Don't speak of it now!" said Rosamond. "Don't let us refer again to the past. I know all I ought to know, all I wish to know of it. We will talk of the future, mother, and of happier times to come. Let me tell you about my husband. If any words can praise him as he ought to be praised and thank him as he ought to be thanked, I am sure mine ought, I am sure yours will! Let me tell you what he said, and what he did, when I read him the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room. Yes, yes, do let me!"

Warned by a remembrance of the doctor's last injunctions; trembling in secret as she felt under her hand the heavy, toilsome, irregular heaving of her mother's heart, as she saw the rapid changes of color from pale to red, and from red to pale again, that fluttered across her mother's face, she resolved to let no more words pass between them which were of a nature to recall painfully the sorrow and the suffering of the years that were gone. After describing the interview between her husband and herself which had ended in the disclosure of the Secret, she led her mother, with compassionate abruptness, to speak of the future, of the time when she would be able to travel again, of the happiness of returning together to Cornwall, of the little festival they might hold on arriving at Uncle Joseph's house in Truro, and of the time after that when they might go on still further to Porthgenna, or perhaps to some other place, where new scenes and new faces might help them to forget all sad associations which it was best to think of no more.

Rosamond was still speaking on these topics; her mother was still listening to her with growing interest in every word that she said, when Uncle Joseph returned. He brought in with him a basket of flowers and a basket of fruit, which he held up in triumph at the foot of his niece's bed.

"I have been walking about, my child, in the fine bright sunshine," he said, "and waiting to give your face plenty of time to look happy, so that I might see it again as I want to see it always, for the rest of my life. Aha, Sarah! it is I who have brought the right doctor to cure you!" he added, gayly, looking at Rosamond. "She has made you better already; wait but a little while longer, and she shall get you up from your bed again, with your two cheeks as red, and your heart as light, and your tongue as fast to chatter as mine. See! the fine flowers, and the fruit I have bought, that is nice to your eyes, and nice to your nose, and nicest of all to put into your mouth. It is festival-time with us to-day, and we must make the room bright, bright, bright, all over. And, then, there is your dinner to come soon; I have seen it on the dish—a cherub among chicken-fowls! And, after that, there is your fine sound sleep, with Mozart to sing the cradle-song, and with me to sit for watch, and to go down stairs when you wake up again, and fetch you your cup of tea. Ah, my child, my child, what a fine thing it is to have come at last to this festival-day!"

With a bright look at Rosamond, and with both his hands full of flowers, he turned away from his niece to begin decorating the room. Except when she thanked the old man for the presents he had brought, her attention had never wandered, all the while he had been speaking, from her daughter's face, and her first words, when he was silent again, were addressed to Rosamond alone.

"While I am happy with *my* child," she said, "I am keeping you from *yours*. I, of all persons, ought to be the last to part you from each other too long. Go back now, my love, to your husband and your child; and leave me to my grateful thoughts and my dreams of better times."

"If you please, answer Yes to that, for your mother's sake," said Uncle Joseph, before Rosamond could reply. "The doctor says she must take her repose in the day as well as her repose in the night. And how shall I get her to close her eyes, so long as she has the temptation to keep them open upon *you*?"

Rosamond felt the truth of those last words, and consented to go back for a few hours to the hotel, on the understanding that she was to resume her place at the bedside in the evening. After making this arrangement, she waited long enough in the room to see the meal brought up, which Uncle Joseph had announced, and to aid the old man in encouraging her mother to partake of it. When the tray had been removed, and when the pillows of the bed had been comfortably arranged by her own hands, she at last prevailed on herself to take leave.

Her mother's arms lingered round her neck; her mother's cheek nestled fondly against hers. "Go, my dear, go now, or I shall get too selfish to part with you even for a few hours," murmured the sweet voice in its lowest, softest tones. "My own Rosamond! I have no words to bless you that are good enough; no words to thank you that will speak as gratefully for me as they ought! Happiness has been long in reaching me—but oh, how mercifully it has come at last!"

Before she passed the door, Rosamond stopped and looked back into the room. The table, the mantle-piece, the little framed prints on the wall, were bright with flowers; the musical-box was just playing the first sweet notes of the air from Mozart; Uncle Joseph was seated already in his accustomed place by the bed, with the basket of fruit on his knees; the pale, worn face on the pillow was tenderly lighted up by a smile; peace, and comfort, and repose, all mingled together happily in the picture of the sick room, all joined in leading Rosamond's thoughts to dwell quietly on the hope of a happier time.

Three hours passed. The last glory of the sun was lighting the long summer day to its rest in the western heaven, when Rosamond returned to her mother's bedside.

She entered the room softly. The one window in it looked toward the west, and on that side of the bed the chair was placed which Uncle Joseph had occupied when she left him, and in which she now found him still seated on her return. He raised his finger to his lips, and looked toward the bed, as she opened the door. Her mother was asleep, with her hand resting in the hand of the old man.

As Rosamond noiselessly advanced, she saw that Uncle Joseph's eyes looked dim and weary. The constraint of the position that he occupied, which made it impossible for him to move without the risk of awakening his niece, seemed to be beginning to fatigue him. Rosamond removed her bonnet and shawl, and made a sign to him to rise and let her take his place.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, seeing him reply by a shake of the head. "Let me take my turn, while you go out a little and enjoy the cool evening air. There is no fear of waking her: her hand is not clasping yours, but only resting in it—let me steal mine into its place gently, and we shall not disturb her."

She slipped her hand under her mother's while she spoke. Uncle Joseph smiled as he rose from his chair, and resigned his place to her. "You will have your way," he said; "you are too quick and sharp for an old man like me."

"Has she been long asleep?" asked Rosamond.

"Nearly two hours," answered Uncle Joseph. "But it has not been the good sleep I wanted for her—a dreaming, talking, restless sleep. It is only ten little minutes since she has been so quiet as you see her now."

"Surely you let in too much light?" whispered Rosamond, looking round at the window, through which the glow of the evening sky poured warmly into the room.

"No, no!" he hastily rejoined. "Asleep or awake, she always wants the light. If I go away for a little while, as you tell me, and if it gets on to be dusk before I come back, light both those candles on the chimney-piece. I shall try to be here again before that; but if the time slips by too fast for me, and if it so happens that she wakes and talks strangely, and looks much away from you into that far corner of the room there, remember that the matches and the candles are together on the chimney-piece, and that the sooner you light them after the dim twilight-time, the better it will be." With those words he stole on tiptoe to the door and went out.

His parting directions recalled Rosamond to a remembrance of what had passed between the doctor and herself that morning. She looked round again anxiously to the window. The sun was just sinking beyond the distant house-tops: the close of day was not far off. As she turned her head once more toward the bed, a momentary chill crept over her. She trembled a little, partly at the sensation itself, partly at the recollection it aroused of that other chill which had struck her in the solitude of the Myrtle Room.

Stirred by the mysterious sympathies of touch, her mother's hand at the same instant moved in hers, and over the sad peacefulness of the weary face there fluttered a momentary trouble—the flying shadow of the dream. The pale, parted lips opened, closed, quivered, opened again; the faint breaths came and went quickly and more quickly; the head moved uneasily on the pillow; the eyelids half unclosed themselves; low, faint, moaning sounds poured rapidly from the lips—changed ere long to half-articulated sentences—then merged softly into intelligible speech, and uttered these words:

"Swear that you will not destroy this paper! Swear that you will not take this paper away with you if you leave the house!"

The words that followed these were whispered so rapidly and so low that Rosamond's ear failed to catch them. They were followed by a short silence. Then the dreaming voice spoke again suddenly, and spoke louder.

"Where? where? where?" it said. "In the bookcase? In the table-drawer?—Stop! stop! In the picture of the ghost—"

The last words struck cold on Rosamond's heart. She drew back suddenly with a movement of alarm—checked herself the instant after, and bent down over the pillow again. But it was too late. Her hand had moved abruptly when she drew back, and her mother woke with a start and a faint cry—with vacant, terror-stricken eyes, and with the perspiration standing thick on her forehead.

"Mother!" cried Rosamond, raising her on the pillow. "I have come back. Don't you know me?"

"Mother?" she repeated, in mournful, questioning tones. "Mother?" At the second repetition of the word, a bright flush of delight and surprise broke out on her face, and she clasped both arms suddenly round her daughter's neck. "Oh, my own Rosamond!" she said. "If I had ever been used to waking up and seeing your dear face look at me, I should have known you sooner, in spite of my dream! Did you wake me, my love? or did I wake myself?"

"I am afraid I woke you, mother."

"Don't say 'afraid.' I would wake from the sweetest sleep that ever woman had, to see your face, and hear you say 'Mother' to me. You have delivered me, my love, from the terror of one of my dreadful dreams. Oh, Rosamond, I think I should live to be happy in your love, if I could only get Porthgenna Tower out of my mind—if I could only never remember again the bedchamber where my mistress died, and the room where I hid the letter—"

"We will try and forget Porthgenna Tower now," said Rosamond. "Shall we talk about other places where I have lived, which you have never seen? Or shall I read to you, mother? Have you got any book here that you are fond of?"

She looked across the bed, at the table on the other side. There was nothing on it but some bottles of medicine, a few of Uncle Joseph's flowers in a glass of water, and a little oblong work-box. She looked round at the chest of drawers behind her—there were no books placed on the top of it. Before she turned toward the bed again, her eyes wandered aside to the window. The sun was lost beyond the distant house-tops; the close of day was nearer at hand.

"If I could forget! Oh, me! if I could only forget!" said her mother, sighing wearily, and beating her hand on the coverlet of the bed.

"Are you well enough, dear, to amuse yourself with work?" asked Rosamond, pointing to the little oblong box on the table, and trying to lead the conversation to a harmless, everyday topic, by asking questions about it. "What work do you do? May I look at it?"

Her face lost its weary, suffering look, and brightened once more into a smile. "There is no work there," she said. "All the treasures I had in the world, till you came to see me, are shut up in that one little box. Open it, my love, and look inside."

Rosamond obeyed, placing the box on the bed, where her mother could see it easily. The first object that she discovered inside was a little book, in dark, worn binding. It was an old copy of Wesley's Hymns. Some withered blades of grass lay between its pages, and on one of its blank leaves was this inscription: "Sarah Leeson, her book. The gift of Hugh Polwheal."

"Look at it, my dear," said her mother. "I want you to know it again. When my time comes to leave you, Rosamond, lay it on my bosom with your own dear hands, and put a little morsel of your hair with it, and bury me in the grave in Porthgenna church-yard, where *he* has been waiting for me to come to him so many weary years. The other things in the box, Rosamond, belong to you; they are little stolen keepsakes that used to remind me of my child, when I was alone in the world. Perhaps, years and years hence, when your brown hair begins to grow gray like mine, you may like to show these poor trifles to your children when you talk about me. Don't mind telling them, Rosamond, how your mother sinned and how she suffered—you can always let these little trifles speak for her at the end. The least of them will show that she always loved you."

She took out of the box a morsel of neatly-folded white paper, which had been placed under the book of Wesley's Hymns, opened it, and showed her daughter a few faded laburnum leaves that lay inside. "I took these from your bed, Rosamond, when I came as a stranger, to nurse you at West Winston. When I heard who the lady was who was staying at the inn, the temptation to risk any thing for the sake of seeing you, and seeing my grandchild, was too much for me. I tried to take a ribbon out of your trunk, love, after I had taken the flowers—a ribbon that I knew had been round your neck. But the doctor came near at the time and frightened me."

She folded the paper up again, laid it aside on the table, and drew from the box next a small print which had been taken from the illustrations to a pocket-book. It represented a little girl, in a gipsy hat, sitting by the water-side, and weaving a daisy chain. As a design, it was worthless; as a print, it had not even the mechanical merit of being a good impression. Underneath it a line was written in faintly-penciled letters: "Rosamond when I last saw her."

"It was never pretty enough for you," she said. "But still there was something in it that helped me to remember what my own love was like, when she was a little girl."

She put the engraving aside with the laburnum leaves, and took from the box a leaf of a copy-book, folded in two, out of which there dropped a tiny strip of paper, covered with small printed letters. She looked at the strip of paper first. "The advertisement of your marriage, Rosamond," she said. "I used to be fond of reading it over and over again to myself when I was alone, and trying to fancy how you looked and what dress you wore. If I had only known when you were going to be married, I would have ventured into the church, my love, to look at you and at your husband. But that was not to be—and perhaps it was best so; for the seeing you in that stolen way might only have made my trials harder to bear afterward. I have had no other keepsake to remind me of you, Rosamond, except this leaf out of your first copy-book. The nursemaid at Porthgenna tore up the rest one day to light the fire, and I took this leaf when she was not looking. See! you had not got as far as words then—you could only do up-strokes and down-strokes. Oh me! how many times I have sat looking at this one leaf of paper, and trying to fancy that I saw your small child's hand traveling over it, with the pen held tight in the rosy little fingers. I think I have cried oftener, my darling, over that first copy of yours than over all my other keepsakes put together."

Rosamond turned aside her face toward the window to hide the tears which she could restrain no longer. As she wiped them away, the first sight of the darkening sky warned her that the twilight dimness was coming soon. How dull and faint the glow on the west looked now! how near it was to the close of day!

When she turned toward the bed again, her mother was still looking at the leaf of the copy-book.

"That nurse-maid who tore up all the rest of it to light the fire," she said, "was a kind friend to me, in those early days at Porthgenna. She used sometimes to let me put you to bed, Rosamond; and never asked questions, or teased me, as the rest of them did. She risked the loss of her place by being so good to me. My mistress was afraid of my betraying myself and betraying her if I was much in the nursery, and she gave orders that I was not to go there, because it was not my place. None of the other women-servants were so often stopped from playing with you and kissing you, Rosamond, as I was. But the nurse-maid—God bless and prosper her for it!—stood my friend. I often lifted you into your little cot, my love, and wished you good-night, when my mistress thought I was at work in her room. You used to say you liked your nurse better than you liked me, but you never told me so fretfully; and you always put your laughing lips up to mine, whenever I asked you for a kiss!"

Rosamond laid her head gently on the pillow by the side of her mother's. "Try to think less of the past, dear, and more of the future," she whispered, pleadingly; "try to think of the time when my child will help you to recall those old days without their sorrow—the time when you will teach him to put his lips up to yours, as I used to put mine."

"I will try, Rosamond—but my only thoughts of the future, for years and years past, have been thoughts of meeting you in heaven. If my sins are forgiven, how shall we meet there? Shall you be like my little child to me—the child I never saw again after she was five years old? I wonder if the mercy of God will recompense me for our long separation on earth? I wonder if you will first appear to me in the happy world with your child's face, and be what you should have been to me on earth, my little angel that I can carry in my arms? If we pray in heaven, shall I teach you your prayers there, as some comfort to me for never having taught them to you here?"

She paused, smiled sadly, and, closing her eyes, gave herself in silence to the dream-thoughts that were still floating in her mind. Thinking that she might sink to rest again if she was left undisturbed, Rosamond neither moved nor spoke. After watching the peaceful face for some time, she became conscious that the light was fading on it slowly. As that conviction impressed itself on her, she looked round at the window once more. The western clouds wore their quiet twilight colors already; the close of day had come.

The moment she moved in the chair she felt her mother's hand on her shoulder. When she turned again toward the bed she saw her mother's eyes open and looking at her—looking at her, as she thought, with a change in their expression, a change to vacancy.

"Why do I talk of heaven?" she said, turning her face suddenly toward the darkening sky, and speaking in low, muttering tones. "How do I know I am fit to go there? And yet, Rosamond, I am not guilty of breaking my oath to my mistress. You can say for me that I never destroyed the letter, and that I never took it away with me when I left the house."

"It will be dark soon, mother. Let me get up for one moment to light the candles."

Her hand crept softly upward, and clung fast round Rosamond's neck.

"I never swore to give him the letter," she said, "There was no crime in the hiding of it. You found it in a picture, Rosamond? They used to call it a picture of the Porthgenna ghost. Nobody knew how old it was, or when it came into the house. My mistress hated it, because the painted face had a strange likeness to hers. She told me when first I lived at Porthgenna, to take it down from the wall and destroy it. I was afraid to do that; so I hid it away, before ever you were born, in the Myrtle Room. You found the letter at the back of the picture, Rosamond? And yet that was a likely place to hide it in. Nobody had ever found the picture. Why should any body find the letter that was hid in it?"

"Let me get a light, mother! I am sure you would like to have a light!"

"No! no light now. Give the darkness time to gather down there in the corner of the room. Lift me up close to you, and let me whisper."

The clinging arm tightened its grasp as Rosamond raised her in the bed. The fading light from the window fell full on her face, and was reflected dimly in her vacant eyes. "I am waiting for something, that comes at dusk, before the candles are lit," she whispered in low, breathless tones. "Down there!" And she pointed away to the furthest corner of the room, near the door.

"Mother! for God's sake, what is it! what has changed you so?"

"That's right! say 'Mother.' If she does come, she can't stop when she hears you call me 'Mother,' when she sees us together at last, loving and knowing each other in spite of her. Oh, my kind, tender, pitying child! if you can only deliver me from her, how long I may live yet!—how happy we may both be!"

"Don't talk so! don't look so! Tell me quietly—dear, dear mother—tell me quietly—"

"Hush! hush! I am going to tell you. She threatened me on her death-bed, if I thwarted her, she said she would come to me from the other world. Rosamond! I *have* thwarted her, and she has kept her promise—all my life since, she has kept her promise! Look! Down there!"

Her left arm was still clasped round Rosamond's neck. She stretched her right arm out toward the far corner of the room, and shook her hand slowly at the empty air.

"Look!" she said. "There she is as she always comes to me, at the close of day—with the coarse, black dress on, that my guilty hands made for her—with the smile that there was on her face when she asked me if she looked like a servant. Mistress! mistress! Oh, rest at last! the Secret is ours no longer! Rest at last! my child is my own again! Rest at last; and come between us no more!"

She ceased, panting for breath; and laid her hot, throbbing cheek against the cheek of her daughter. "Call me 'Mother' again!" she whispered. "Say it loud; and send her away from me forever?"

Rosamond mastered the terror that shook in every limb, and pronounced the word.

Her mother leaned forward a little, still gasping heavily for breath, and looked with straining eyes into the quiet twilight dimness at the lower end of the room.

"*Gone!!!*" she cried, suddenly, with a scream of exultation. "Oh, merciful, merciful God! gone at last!"

The next instant she sprang up on her knees in the bed. For one awful moment her eyes shone in the gray twilight with a radiant unearthly beauty, as they fastened their last look of fondness on her daughter's face. "Oh, my love! my angel!" she murmured, "how happy we shall be together now!" As she said the words, she twined her arms round Rosamond's neck, and pressed her lips rapturously on the lips of her child.

The kiss lingered till her head sank forward gently on Rosamond's bosom—lingered till the time of God's mercy came, and the weary heart rested at last.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

No popular saying is more commonly accepted than the maxim which asserts that Time is the great consoler; and, probably, no popular saying more imperfectly expresses the truth. The work that we must do, the responsibilities that we must undertake, the example that we must set to others—these are the great consolers; for these apply the first remedies to the malady of grief. Time possesses nothing but the negative virtue of helping it to wear itself out. Who that has observed at all, has not perceived that those among us who soonest recover from the shock of a great grief for the dead, are those who have most duties to perform toward the living? When the shadow of calamity rests on our houses, the question with us is, not how much time will suffice to bring back the sunshine to us again, but how much occupation have we got to force us forward into the place where the sunshine is waiting for us to come? Time may claim many victories, but not the victory over grief. The great consolation for the loss of the dead who are gone is to be found in the great necessity of thinking of the living who remain.

The history of Rosamond's daily life, now that the darkness of a heavy affliction had fallen on it, was in itself the sufficient illustration of this truth. When all the strength even of her strong character had been prostrated by the unspeakably awful shock of her mother's sudden death, it was not the slow lapse of time that helped to raise her up again, but the necessity which would not wait for time—the necessity which made her remember what was due to the husband who sorrowed with her, to the child whose young life was linked to hers, and to the old man whose helpless grief found no support but in the comfort she could give, learned no lesson of resignation but from the example she could set.

From the first, the responsibility of sustaining him had rested on her shoulders alone. Before the close of day had been counted out by the first hour of the night, she had been torn from the bedside by the necessity of meeting him at the door, and preparing him to know that he was entering the chamber of death. To guide the dreadful truth gradually and gently, till it stood face to face with him, to support him under the shock of recognizing it, to help his mind to recover after the inevitable blow had struck it at last, these were the sacred duties which claimed all the devotion that Rosamond had to give, and which forbade her heart to dwell selfishly on its own grief. It was not the least of the trials she had now to face, to see the condition of vacant helplessness to which he was reduced under the weight of an affliction which he had no strength to bear. He looked like a man whose faculties had been stunned past recovery. He would sit for hours with the musical box by his side, patting it absently from time to time, and whispering to himself as he looked at it, but never attempting to set it playing. It was the one memorial left that reminded him of all the joys and sorrows, the simple family interests and affections, of his past life. When Rosamond first sat by his side, and took his hand to comfort him, he looked backward and forward with forlorn eyes from her compassionate face to the musical box, and vacantly repeated to himself the same words over and over again: "They are all gone—my brother Max, my wife, my little Joseph, my sister Agatha, and Sarah my niece! I and my little bit of box are left alone together in the world. Mozart can sing no more. He has sung to the last of them now!"

The second day there was no change in him. On the third, Rosamond placed the Book of Hymns reverently on her mother's bosom, laid a lock of her own hair round it, and kissed the sad, peaceful face for the last time. The old man was with her at that silent leave-taking, and followed her away when it was over. By the side of the coffin, and, afterward, when she took him back with her to her husband, he was still sunk in the same apathy of grief which had overwhelmed him from the first. But when they began to speak of the removal of the remains the next day to Porthgenna church-yard, they noticed that his dim eyes brightened suddenly, and that his wandering attention followed every word they said. After a while he rose from his chair, approached Rosamond, and looked anxiously in her face. "I think I could bear it better if you would let me go with her?" he said. "We two should have gone back to Cornwall together, if she had lived. Will you let us still go back together now that she has died?"

Rosamond gently remonstrated, and tried to make him see that it was best to leave the remains to be removed under the charge of her husband's servant, whose fidelity could be depended on, and whose position made him the fittest person to be charged with cares and responsibilities which near relations were not capable of undertaking with sufficient composure. She told him that her husband intended to stop in London, to give her one day of rest and quiet which she absolutely needed, and that they then proposed to return to Cornwall in time to be at Porthgenna before the funeral took place; and she begged earnestly that he would not think of separating his lot from theirs at a time of trouble and trial, when they ought to be all three most closely united by the ties of mutual sympathy and mutual sorrow.

He listened silently and submissively while Rosamond was speaking, but he only repeated his simple petition when she had done. The one idea in his mind, now, was the idea of going back to Cornwall with all that was left on earth of his sister's child. Leonard and Rosamond both saw that it would be useless to oppose it—both felt that it would be cruelty to keep him with them, and kindness to let him go away. After privately charging the servant to spare him all trouble and difficulty, to humor him by acceding to any wishes that he might express, and to give him all possible protection and help without obtruding either officiously on his attention, they left him free to follow the one purpose of his heart which still connected him with the interests and events of the passing day. "I shall thank you better soon," he said at leave-taking, "for letting me go away out of this din of London with all that is left to me of Sarah, my niece. I will dry up my tears as well as I can, and try to have more courage when we meet again."

On the next day, when they were alone, Rosamond and her husband sought refuge from the oppression of the present, in speaking together of the future, and of the influence which the change in their fortunes ought to be allowed to exercise on their plans and projects for the time to come. After exhausting this topic, the conversation turned next on the subject of their friends, and on the necessity of communicating to some of the oldest of their associates the events which had followed the discovery in the Myrtle Room. The first name on their lips, while they were considering this question, was the name of Dr. Chennery; and Rosamond, dreading the effect on her spirits of allowing her mind to remain unoccupied, volunteered to write to the vicar at once, referring briefly to what had happened since they had last communicated with him, and asking him to fulfill, that year, an engagement of long standing, which he had made with her husband and herself, to spend his autumn holiday with them at Porthgenna Tower. Rosamond's heart yearned for a sight of her old friend; and she knew him well enough to be assured that a hint at the affliction which had befallen her, and at the hard trial which she had undergone, would be more than enough to bring them together the moment Dr. Chennery could make his arrangements for leaving home.

The writing of this letter suggested recollections which called to mind another friend, whose intimacy with Leonard and Rosamond was of recent date, but whose connection with the earlier among the train of circumstances which had led to the discovery of the Secret, entitled him to a certain share in their confidence. This friend was Mr. Orridge, the doctor at West Winston, who had accidentally been the means of bringing Rosamond's mother to her bedside. To him she now wrote acknowledging the promise which she had made, on leaving West Winston, to communicate the result of their search for the Myrtle Room; and informing him that it had terminated in the discovery of some very sad events, of a family nature, which were now numbered with the events of the past. More than this it was not necessary to say to a friend who occupied such a position toward them as that held by Mr. Orridge.

Rosamond had written the address of this second letter, and was absently drawing lines on the blotting-paper with her pen, when she was startled by hearing a contention of angry voices in the passage outside. Almost before she had time to wonder what the noise meant, the door was violently pushed open, and a tall, shabbily-dressed, elderly man, with a peevish, haggard face, and a ragged gray beard, stalked in, followed, indignantly, by the head waiter of the hotel.

"I have three times told this person," began the waiter, with a strong emphasis on the word "person," "that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland—"

"Were not at home," broke in the shabbily-dressed man, finishing the sentence for the waiter. "Yes, you told me that; and I told you that the gift of speech was only used by mankind for the purpose of telling lies, and that, consequently, I didn't believe you. You have told a lie. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Frankland both at home. I come on business, and I mean to have five minutes' talk with them. I sit down unasked, and I announce my own name, Andrew Treverton."

With those words he sat down coolly in the nearest chair. Leonard's cheeks reddened with anger while he was speaking, but Rosamond interposed before her husband could say a word.

"It is useless, love, to be angry with him," she whispered. "The quiet way is the best way with a man like that." She made a sign to the waiter which gave him permission to leave the room, then turned to Mr. Treverton. "You have forced your presence on us, Sir," she said, quietly, "at a time when a very sad affliction makes us quite unfit for contentions of any kind. We are willing to show more consideration for your age than you have shown for our grief. If you have any thing to say to my husband, he is ready to control himself and to hear you quietly for my sake."

"And I shall be short with him and with you for my own sake," rejoined Mr. Treverton. "No woman has ever had the chance yet of sharpening her tongue long on me, or ever shall. I have come here to tell you three things. First, your lawyer has told me all about the discovery in the Myrtle Room, and how you made it. Secondly, I have got your money. Thirdly, I mean to keep it. What do you think of that?"

"I think you need not give yourself the trouble of remaining in the room any longer, if your only object in coming here is to tell us what we know already," said Leonard. "We know you have got the money; and we never doubted that you meant to keep it."

"You are quite sure of that, I suppose?" said Mr. Treverton. "Quite sure you have no lingering hope that any future twists and turns of the law will take the money out of my pocket again and put it back into yours? It is only fair to tell you that there is not the shadow of a chance of any such thing ever happening, or of my ever turning generous and rewarding you of my own accord for the sacrifice you have made. I have been to Doctors' Commons, I have taken out a grant of administration, I have got the money legally, I have lodged it safe at my banker's, and I have never had one kind feeling in my heart since I was born. That was my brother's character of me, and he knew more of my disposition, of course, than any one else. Once again, I tell you both, not a farthing of all that large fortune will ever return to either of you."

"And once again I tell you," said Leonard, "that we have no desire to hear what we know already. It is a relief to my conscience and to my wife's to have resigned a fortune which we had no right to possess; and I speak for her as well as for myself when I tell you that your attempt to attach an interested motive to our renunciation of that money is an insult to us both, which you ought to have been ashamed to offer."

"That is your opinion, is it?" said Mr. Treverton. "You, who have lost the money, speak to me, who have got it, in that manner, do you? Pray, do you approve of your husband's treating a rich man, who might make both your fortunes, in that way?" he inquired, addressing himself sharply to Rosamond.

"Most assuredly I approve of it," she answered. "I never agreed with him more heartily in my life than I agree with him now."

"Oh!" said Mr. Treverton. "Then it seems you care no more for the loss of the money than he does?"

"He has told you already," said Rosamond, "that it is as great a relief to my conscience as to his to have given it up."

Mr. Treverton carefully placed a thick stick, which he carried with him, upright between his knees, crossed his hands on the top of it, rested his chin on them, and, in that investigating position, stared steadily in Rosamond's face.

"I rather wish I had brought Shrowl here with me," he said to himself. "I should like him to have seen this. It staggers me, and I rather think it would have staggered him. Both these people," continued Mr. Treverton, looking perplexedly from Rosamond to Leonard, and from Leonard back again to Rosamond, "are, to all outward appearance, human beings. They walk on their hind legs, they express ideas readily by uttering articulate sounds, they have the usual allowance of features, and, in respect of weight, height, and size generally, they appear to me to be mere average human creatures of the common civilized sort. And yet there they sit, taking the loss of a fortune of forty thousand pounds as easily as Crœsus, King of Lydia, might have taken the loss of a half-penny!"

He rose, put on his hat, tucked the thick stick under his arm, and advanced a few steps toward Rosamond.

"I am going now," he said. "Would you like to shake hands?"

Rosamond turned her back on him contemptuously.

Mr. Treverton chuckled with an air of supreme satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Leonard, who sat near the fire-place, and whose color was rising angrily once more, had been feeling for the bell-rope, and had just succeeded in getting it into his hand as Mr. Treverton approached the door.

"Don't ring, Lenny," said Rosamond. "He is going of his own accord."

Mr. Treverton stepped out into the passage, then glanced back into the room, with an expression of puzzled curiosity on his face, as if he was looking into a cage which contained two animals of a species that he had never heard of before. "I have seen some strange sights in my time," he said to himself. "I have had some queer experience of this trumpery little planet and of the creatures who inhabit it; but I never was staggered yet by any human phenomena as I am staggered now by those two." He shut the door without saying another word, and Rosamond heard him chuckle to himself again as he walked away along the passage.

Ten minutes afterward the waiter brought up a sealed letter addressed to Mrs. Frankland. It had been written, he said, in the coffee-room of the hotel, by the "person" who had intruded himself into Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's presence. After giving it to the waiter to deliver, he had gone away in a hurry, swinging his thick stick complacently, and laughing to himself.

Rosamond opened the letter.

On one side of it was a crossed check, drawn in her name, for Forty Thousand Pounds.

On the other side were these lines of explanation:

> Take this. First, because you and your husband are the only two people I have ever met with who are not likely to be made rascals by being made rich. Secondly, because you have told the truth, when letting it out meant losing money, and keeping it in, saving a fortune. Thirdly, because you are not the child of 'the player-woman. Fourthly, because you can't help yourself—for I shall leave it to you at my death, if you won't have it now. Good-by. Don't come and see me, don't write grateful letters to me, don't invite me into the country, don't praise my generosity, and, above all things, don't have any thing more to do with Shrowl!
>
> Andrew Treverton.

The first thing Rosamond did, when she and her husband had a little recovered from their astonishment, was to disobey the injunction which forbade her to address any grateful letters to Mr. Treverton. The messenger who was sent with her note to Bayswater returned without an answer, and reported that he had received directions from an invisible man, with a gruff voice, to throw it over the wall and to go away immediately after, unless he wanted to have his head broken.

Mr. Nixon, to whom Leonard immediately sent word of what had happened, volunteered to go to Bayswater the same evening, and make an attempt to see Mr. Treverton on Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's behalf. He found Timon of London more approachable than he had anticipated. The misanthrope was, for once in his life, in a good humor. This extraordinary change in him had been produced by the sense of satisfaction which he experienced in having just turned Shrowl out of his situation, on the ground that his master was not fit company for him after having committed such an act of folly as giving Mrs. Frankland back her forty thousand pounds. "I told him," said Mr. Treverton, chuckling over his recollection of the parting scene between his servant and himself, "I told him that I could not possibly expect to merit his continued approval after what I had done, and that I could not think of detaining him in his place under the circumstances. I begged him to view my conduct as leniently as he could, because the first cause that led to it was, after all, his copying the plan of Porthgenna, which guided Mrs. Frankland to the discovery in the Myrtle Room. I congratulated him on having got a reward of five pounds for being the means of restoring a fortune of forty thousand; and I bowed him out with a polite humility that half drove him mad. Shrowl and I have had a good many tussles in our time; he was always even with me till to-day, and now I've thrown him on his back at last!"

Although Mr. Treverton was willing to talk of the defeat and dismissal of Shrowl as long as the lawyer would listen to him, he was perfectly unmanageable on the subject of Mrs. Frankland when Mr. Nixon tried to turn the conversation to that topic. He would hear no messages—he would give no promise of any sort for the future. All that he could be prevailed on to say about himself and his own projects was, that he intended to give up the house at Bayswater, and to travel again, for the purpose of studying human nature, in different countries, on a plan that he had not tried yet—the plan of endeavoring to find out the good that there might be in people as well as the bad. He said the idea had been suggested to his mind by his anxiety to ascertain whether Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were perfectly exceptional human beings or not. At present he was disposed to think that they were, and that his travels were not likely to lead to any thing at all remarkable in the shape of a satisfactory result. Mr. Nixon pleaded hard for something in the shape of a friendly message to take back, along with the news of his intended departure. The request produced nothing but a sardonic chuckle, followed by this parting speech, delivered to the lawyer at the garden gate:

"Tell those two amazing people," said Timon of London, "that I may give up my travels in disgust when they least expect it; and that I may possibly come and look at them again, for the sake of getting one satisfactory sensation more out of the lamentable spectacle of humanity before I die."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

Four days afterward Rosamond, and Leonard, and Uncle Joseph met together in the cemetery of the church at Porthgenna.

The earth to which we all return, had closed over Her; the weary pilgrimage of Sarah Leeson had come to its quiet end at last. The miner's grave, from which she had twice plucked in secret her few memorial fragments of grass, had given her the home, in death, which, in life, she had never known. The roar of the surf was stilled to a low murmur before it reached the place of her rest; and the wind that swept joyously over the open moor, paused a little when it met the old trees that watched over the graves, and wound onward softly through the myrtle hedge, that held them all embraced alike in its circle of lustrous green.

Some hours had passed since the last words of the burial-service had been read. The fresh turf was heaped already over the mound, and the old head-stone, with the miner's epitaph on it, had been raised once more in its former place at the head of the grave. Rosamond was reading the inscription softly to her husband. Uncle Joseph had walked a little apart from them while she was thus engaged, and had knelt down by himself at the foot of the mound. He was fondly smoothing and patting the newly-laid turf—as he had often smoothed Sarah's hair in the long-passed days of her youth—as he had often patted her hand in the after-time, when her heart was weary and her hair was gray.

"Shall we add any new words to the old, worn letters as they stand now?" said Rosamond, when she had read the inscription to the end. "There is a blank space left on the stone. Shall we fill it, love, with the initials of my mother's name, and the date of her death? I feel something in my heart which seems to tell me to do that, and to do no more."

"So let it be, Rosamond," said her husband. "That short and simple inscription is the fittest and the best."

She looked away, as he gave that answer, to the foot of the grave, and left him for a moment to approach the old man. "Take my hand, Uncle Joseph," she said, and touched him gently on the shoulder. "Take my hand, and let us go back together to the house."

He rose as she spoke, and looked at her, doubtfully. The musical box, inclosed in its well-worn leather case, lay on the grave near the place where he had been kneeling. Rosamond took it up from the grass, and slung it in the old place at his side, which it always occupied when he was away from home. He sighed a little as he thanked her. "Mozart can sing no more," he said. "He has sung to the last of them now!"

"Don't say to the last, yet," said Rosamond, "don't say to the last, Uncle Joseph, while I am alive. Surely Mozart will sing to *me*, for my mother's sake?"

A smile—the first she had seen since the time of their grief—trembled faintly round his lips. "There is comfort in that," he said; "there is comfort for Uncle Joseph still, in hearing that."

"Take my hand," she repeated, softly. "Come home with us now."

He looked down wistfully at the grave. "I will follow you," he said, "if you will go on before me to the gate."

Rosamond took her husband's arm, and guided him to the path that led out of the church-yard. As they passed from sight Uncle Joseph knelt down once more at the foot of the grave, and pressed his lips on the fresh turf.

"Good-by, my child," he whispered, and laid his cheek for a moment against the grass, before he rose again.

At the gate Rosamond was waiting for him. Her right hand was resting on her husband's arm; her left hand was held out for Uncle Joseph to take.

"How cool the breeze is!" said Leonard. "How pleasantly the sea sounds! Surely this is a fine summer day?"

"The brightest and loveliest of the year," said Rosamond. "The only clouds on the sky are clouds of shining white; the only shadows over the moor lie light as down on the heather. The sun glows clear in its glory of gold, and the sea beams back on it in its glory of blue. Oh, Lenny, it is such a different day from that day of dull oppression and misty heat when we found the letter in the Myrtle Room! Even the dark tower of our old house, yonder, gains a new beauty in the clear air, and seems to be arrayed in its brightest aspect to welcome us to the beginning of a new life. I will make it a happy life to you, and to Uncle Joseph, if I can—happy as the sunshine that we are all three walking in now. You shall never repent, love, if I can help it, that you have married a wife who has no claim of her own to the honors of a family name."

"I can never repent my marriage, love," said Leonard, "because I can never forget the lesson that my wife has taught me."

"What lesson, Lenny?"

"An old one, my dear, which some of us can never learn too often. The highest honors, Rosamond, are those which no accident can take away—the honors that are conferred by Love and Truth."

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

DOMESTIC DISASTERS—IRISH REBELS IN 1857.

My dear Editor,—The waters of domestic life have been ruffled this week; in other words, there has been rebellion in the lower regions, commonly called the kitchen. Not powerful enough to be styled a revolution, it has, however, occasioned the resignation of the Ministry, and the summary exile of the principal offenders. The most obvious consequence to-day has been a very peculiarly-dressed dinner, the new official proving incompetent to carry out her orders. You can fancy Paterfamilias looking with sombre scrutiny at the joint on the table before him.

"My dear, do you consider this meat properly cooked? I never carved any thing like this before. What's it meant for?"

"Oh, my love! it's the new cook. It's a way of hers, I suppose. I must tell her to-morrow we don't like it so."

"Another new cook! Is Bridget gone away then? What for, pray?"

"Oh, she and Margery didn't agree very well. Margery said Bridget 'was so double *and* treble' that she couldn't get along with her; and Bridget said '*she* wouldn't stay no longer where Margery was to be;' so I told her she might depart if she pleased."

"Humph! why she seemed to do very well. You might have managed to keep *her*, I think, if you wished; I'm sure *she* was a good girl."

"Good enough, no doubt, if she was allowed her own way, and not told to keep her kitchen clean. How *can* you tell, Mr. C——, whether she was a good girl or not?"

"Oh, I don't mean any thing, you know! *I* can't tell, of course; but the girl had a good countenance, and might have been made something of, I think."

"Well, my dear Sir, we don't want the trouble of continually trying to 'make something' out of girls unless the materials happen to be promising. It is no joke to work away upon a subject that won't repay one after all; and, as I said before, it is quite out of the question that you can know any thing about it. Can *I* judge about your clerks and young men down town, whether they are competent to do their duty or not? Wasn't it only yesterday, when I gave that porter of yours a shilling or two, because he seemed such a civil fellow, that you shrugged your shoulders, and said I was throwing money away on a drunken lout? You see I make mistakes about your people, and you do the same about mine."

"Well, I'm sure she was a very obliging girl; whenever I happened to ask her any thing—it was not often, certainly—she always seemed anxious to please."

"Why, yes; I dare say! Perhaps once in a month you might send for her and say, 'Now, Bridget, just you let me have that steak done to a turn, as you know I like it!' and Bridget, of course, all smiles and good-humor at the honor of an order direct from the *Boss*, answers, 'Yes, Sir,' with the utmost alacrity, and goes simpering to her business. Then, with all the judgment of your sex, you make up your mind at once, and think, 'That's a good girl, now! an excellent girl! That girl is worth keeping!' What can you know about her half-scoured pots and pans, her drab-colored tables, that should be white as snow, the untouched corners of the floor, the rubbish stowed away in dark holes that has no business to be any where at all? Now I don't call that a good servant who doesn't keep her kitchen clean."

"Oh, well! I only said she was a civil-spoken girl enough."

"Civil spoken! I can assure you it is precisely these mealy-mouthed maidens, looking, in the vulgar phrase, as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, who can make the greatest display of Irish eloquence when they can't do just as they like. Always changing, do you say? Yes, I am afraid we have struck an unlucky vein, for we've had a queer set lately!

"But what's to be done? Would you rather submit to uncleanliness, bad dinners, and ill-humor, than have a new face about the house? I wouldn't. You yourself, my dear Sir, are the very first person to look grim at the table if every thing is not *just so;* and I can assure you, if you haven't clean saucepans you can't have clean meals. It makes me sick to see such neglect and carelessness, and if a word of comment is uttered it rouses a storm of indignation, with, 'If it don't suit, I can leave, mum!' Of course it does *not* suit, so they have to go."

"What did Ann leave for?"

"Oh, Ann! Let me see! She had such a numerous family circle that our weekly bills very sensibly increased. Some two or three affectionate members of it were pretty sure to dine with her every day. I believe she had two mothers! and I know I never entered the kitchen, no matter how early or how late, without finding some stout fellow enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with her. And it's always a *brother*, you know. Now, people can't work and talk too; but when I ventured to suggest a reform, she said, 'She'd bin used to have her friends about her;' and as *I* hadn't been used to any thing of the sort, we resolved to part."

"What became of Sarah? Oh! Sarah, after my spending months in making an excellent servant of her, took it into her head she was worth so many extra dollars a month, and on that point I didn't agree; so Sarah left. That's always the way; as soon as they know your ways they begin to think themselves valuable, and behave accordingly, and think you will put up with any thing rather than lose them. But that's not the case with me!"

"Hannah? Oh! Miss Hannah had particular ideas of her own as to dressing poultry, and *would* send up game to table with the heads cut off; so we had a little difference of opinion on that point, which finally led to a separation between us, not very painful to either, I believe. Then Mary—you remember Mary—who thought she could return home after her 'day out' at any hour of the night she pleased; on that rock we split.

"'Mary,' I said, 'it is not right to be out so late. Who do you expect to sit up for you? You must return home at proper hours.'

"She was always used to take her own time; she knew the rules of New York as well as I did; and that dear, good man, Mr. Green, in her 'last place, many a time had he got up out of his bed to let her in.'

"'Then you ought to be ashamed to make any kind master do so for you; and as nobody will take that trouble here, you must manage to come in before the house is shut up.'

"But this arrangement not meeting with Mary's views, we also were obliged to part. I really think these servants grow worse and worse. There is scarcely one to be met with who understands her business. Now I am altogether an advocate for putting up with the little ways and notions of a *good* servant. Every body has their peculiarities, and they are to be respected in a trustworthy domestic, quite as much as among ourselves; but to have bad service and bad temper too, is what I am not inclined to submit to. I never mind a good person taking her own way now and then, as long as her business is properly done; but to see the simplest duties neglected, while the utmost impudence prevails, is more than I like to endure. Look at the mass of city servants at this moment! High wages coolly demanded, in return for free-and-easy habits, idleness, and extravagance; good food wasted and spoiled that many poor souls would be thankful for; gas left burning when it's not needed; every thing broken that can by human hands be broken; and more stories told about the simplest trifle than their priests can possibly pardon in a week. Such stupidity, too! Look at their ignorance—setting the tea-urn on the fire, and sending up soup in a salad bowl! I defy any one, the most imaginative of mortals, to anticipate their blunders."

"Well, any body may make mistakes."

"Yes, of course we are all liable to errors, but I only wish they would be patient enough to learn, and not fancy themselves finished servants, 'first-class girls,'—that's the phrase—when they don't know the very A B C of their business. Hire a 'professed cook'—that means a large, lazy creature, whose only notion of seasoning is to empty the pepper-box into every thing indiscriminately; she is too 'superior in her profession' to condescend to clean any thing, even herself; and yet I never met with one who knew how to make the stock for her soups and gravies! Can the chambermaids make a bed properly, or put things in their right places? If they're pretty, the lads in the house are always talking to them on the stairs; and if they're ugly, the children cry out at them. Can the laundry-maids send up a muslin gown, ironed in the gathers as it ought to be, or can a waiter answer the door when the bell rings? And if you suggest, in the mildest manner, that this and that are the best ways of doing things, or are not exactly what you approve, their feelings are deeply wounded, and they recall with a sigh some vivid recollections of that 'last place,' and that dear Mrs. So-and-So; 'never a word was heard from her lips,' or 'never a frown seen on her face,' etc. Indeed, the 'last place' always seems to have been so desirable in every way, that I often inquire how they came to leave such an excellent situation? There's Martha, too, up stairs—she will have to go, I foresee; for she is thinking of nothing but balls, and finds it very hard she can't spend night after night in dancing!"

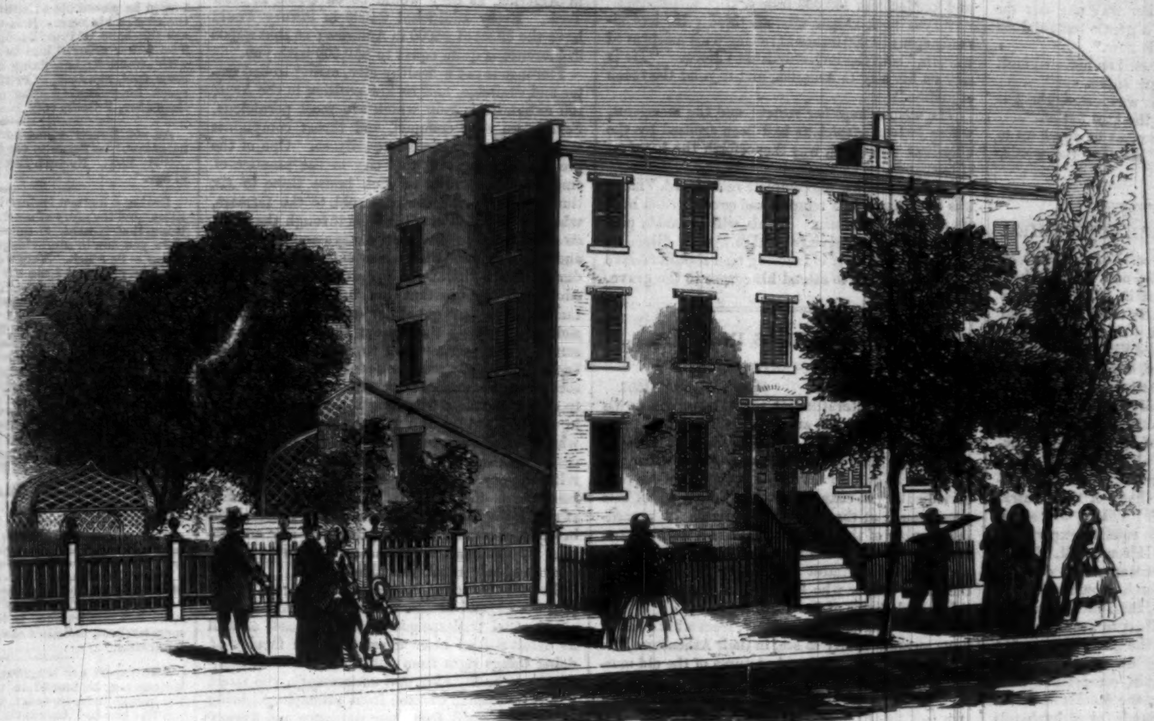
Angelina. "And quietly purloins my white kid gloves, too! As if she could possibly get number sixes on her hands!"

My dear Sir, you see we suffer from the universal malady. Can you recommend us a few excellent "girls?" Could you compromise your paper, and admit an advertisement for us on the subject? It would be friendly, and perhaps effective in its results. But I must say good-by. There is more to be said on this exhaustless theme, but for the present, adieu. Yours always, etc.

WILLIAM JAY, OF BATH.

Soon after his public career commenced, he was supplying for a Sabbath at a certain place. Among the hearers was one from London, wise in his own conceit. Calling upon him after the Sabbath, the youthful preacher was somewhat uncourteously received, the stranger rudely observing that he had no notion of beardless boys being employed to preach. "Pray, Sir," inquired Jay, "does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Let no man despise thy youth.' And, Sir, you remind me of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young embassador, and complaining, said, 'Your master should not have sent me a beardless stripling.' 'Sir,' said the youthful embassador, 'had my master supposed you wanted a beard, he would have sent you a goat.'"

ST. LUKE'S HOME FOR INDIGENT FEMALES.



ST. LUKE'S HOME, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

We engrave this week a view of St. Luke's Home, Hudson Street, New York, and with it portraits of three old ladies who are comfortably passing their declining years under its hospitable roof.

The world talks much about Greenwich Hospital and the Invalides at Paris; it was certainly a noble thought to provide at the public cost a home for the veterans who spend their manhood in the public service, and pour out their blood in the defense of their country for a few cents a day. A pleasant sight it is to see the old fellows with their wooden legs, or mutilated arms, or wounded bodies, sunning themselves under the shelter of a grand old edifice, in defiance of time and poverty. But there are heroes in petticoats as well as in uniform; many and many a woman spends her life in as good deeds as fighting, without larger reward than the soldier's, and without better prospect of a comfortable old age. The mothers who have worn themselves out in vain attempts to rear a family; the widows who have spent their lives in struggling against the sins of a worthless husband; the poor working women; the nurses; the thousand categories of females who have never had an opportunity of saving any thing for old age—these comprise among them many and many a heroine, did the world but know of their heroism. The sorrows, and trials, and hardships of their "mute inglorious life," the fortitude and constancy with which they withstood them, are none the less noble because history knows them not, and when they die the world's pulse beats none the faster.

This Home in Hudson Street is a Greenwich Hospital for old women. It was established some five years ago by the rector of the parish; and, as the reports tell us, it was designed at first to be a mere parochial institution. But its usefulness outgrew parochial limits, and its sphere is now commensurate with the city. No doubt, when it is better known, it will in like manner outgrow the exclusive pale of the Episcopal Church, under whose auspices it now flourishes, and will become one of the great Charitable Institutions of the city.

Some seventeen old ladies find shelter under the roof of the house No. 487 Hudson Street. Some are wholly or partially supported by the parish from which they come; others are maintained at the cost of the institution.

As might be expected, the bulk of the persons received at the Home are of foreign birth. In the list we have before us, comprising twenty-four names, twelve were born in Ireland, seven in England, and only five in the United States. We import our paupers as well as our silks.

Mrs. Sarah Thompson, whose portrait we give, lacks but one year of being ninety years of age. She was born at Bristol, just after the repeal of the Stamp Act, and as a child ran into the crowd which assembled to hear Edmund Burke deliver his sentiments on a policy of conciliation toward the American colonies. She came of age the year the first Congress was inaugurated at New York. Half a century or so since she married a sergeant in the Scotch Greys, and like a good wife accompanied her husband to Waterloo. She was an eye-witness of that fearful fight, and after the battle walked over the field to see whether her husband was among the dead or the living. Shortly afterward she emigrated to the United States. Had she moved in political society in this country, she could tell us of all our Presidents, from Washington to Buchanan. She is yet a hale, hearty old lady—yet what a span has her life been?

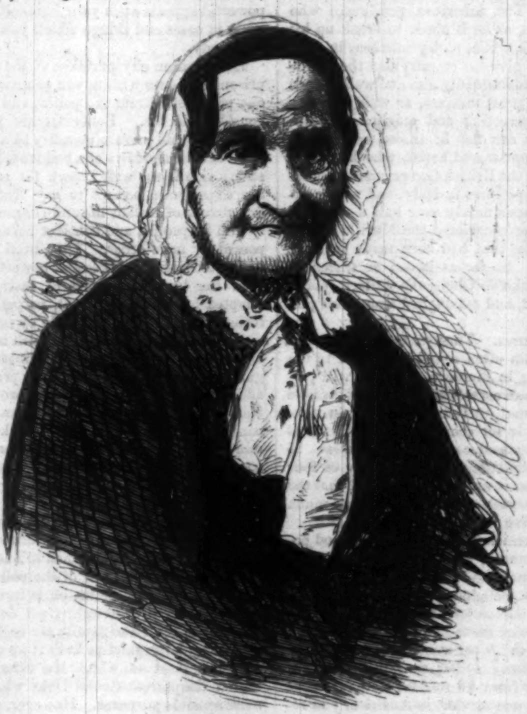
There are two maiden sisters in the Home who are grand-daughters of a British peer and bishop. Their name is Philpotts. Whether they are related to the present "Harry of Exeter" we are unable to say: if they are not, the coincidence is curious. But their high pedigree matters little; children of peers, children of peasants, we are glad to have them all, and to nurse them and take care of them when they are old and infirm—the good old creatures.

One of the most interesting characters in the Home, until lately, was Mrs. Leonard, a native of New Jersey. She was in her cradle at the time the Stamp Act was nullified; she was a young woman when the battle of Monmouth was fought, and fled to escape the brutality of the Hessians. Married before the ratification of the Constitution, she was blessed as few women are. She bore her husband eleven children. Forty years ago there were few women in the country whose prospects were fairer than hers. With a kind, fortunate husband, and a large family of healthy children, she might well take little thought for the future. But a merciless fate swept away one by one the props of her declining years. Husband and children died, stripping her of all who cared for her.

The names she loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Alone and friendless, over eighty years of age, she was supported for many years by the contributions of the charitable in Saint George's and Ascension parishes; and shortly after the establishment of the Home she became one of its inmates. Affliction had made its mark on the old creature's mind; she was constantly pining for the home and the friends who were no more. But the kind treatment she experienced at St. Luke's soothed her; she loved to hear the Bible read, and consoled herself for her sufferings that the far-off world would soon be near—as she often used to say, "It can't be very long now."

They gave her a nurse, Mrs. Walker, an old lady who, till she came, had been one of the seniors of the place, being over seventy-six years of age. Widow Leonard's arrival appeared to invigorate Mrs. Walker; she found strength to nurse her failing companion, to lift her in and out of bed, and tend her last hours with womanly tenderness. Both were pious. It had been Mrs. Leonard's prayer that she might have a friend to close her eyes, and Mrs. Walker's that her life might be spared to render her that last tribute of friendship. Both prayers were granted.



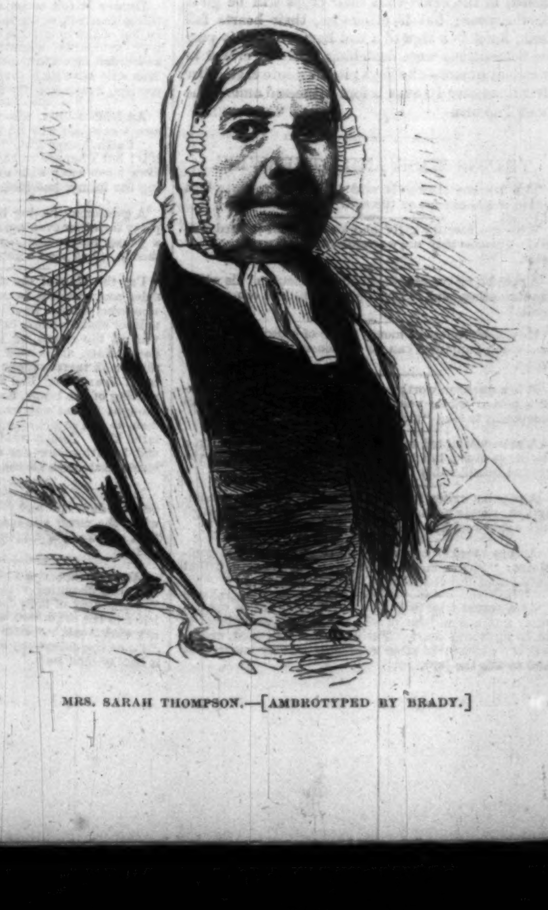
MRS. RYAN.—[AMBROTYPED BY BRADY.]

The two other portraits are those of Mrs. Mary Ann Ryan and Mrs. Ann Weatherspoon. The former, who is now near seventy years of age, is the daughter of an officer in the British navy, named Browne, who joined the American cause at the outbreak of the Revolution. Captain Browne was a Freemason, and was mainly instrumental in establishing the order in this country. Mrs. Ryan, his daughter, has many pleasant reminiscences of his connection with that body and with General Washington, who, as is known, took a great interest in Freemasonry. At the grand Freemason celebration on St. John's Day in 1794, many of the most eminent men in the country wore aprons of her manufacture. She was present in Freemason's Hall, and distinctly remembers the occasion, at a meeting where Washington spoke so feelingly about the duty of aiding the children of deceased Masons, that the whole audience was melted to tears. When she was six years old, she was one day standing on the steps of Washington's house in Philadelphia as the General came out. He took her by the hand, led her into the house, and presented her to Mrs. Washington. She remembers Mrs. Washington, who was dressed in a short gown, knitting—while her children by her first husband were studying their lessons in an inner room. Childlike, she was struck with the glitter of Washington's shoe-buckles; the kind old General permitted her to handle them, and submitted with great humor to be inspected by his juvenile admirer.

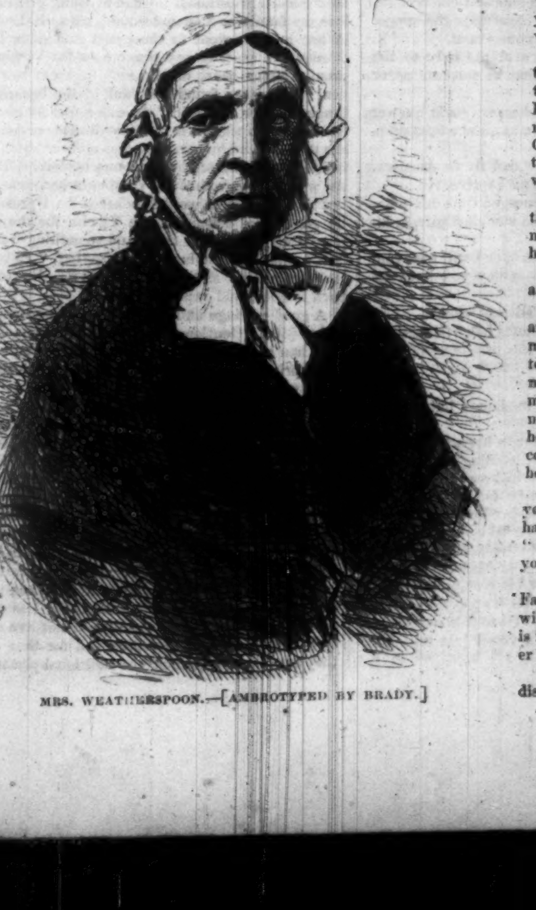
Our other heroine, Mrs. Weatherspoon, kept a dry goods store in Hudson Street near half a century since. Her historical recollections are of General Lafayette, whom she seems to have had many opportunities of seeing during his visit to this country. "Ah me!" says she, "I remember the time when a gentleman wouldn't have bought a cravat, or a lady a hat, unless it was called the Lafayette cravat or the Lafayette hat." So they pass away, these old memories!

It reflects no little credit on the management of this institution that since it was established only four persons have been admitted whom it became necessary to dismiss. The rules are judicious and kindly; the plan of administration appears excellent.

In conclusion, we will venture to recommend St. Luke's Home to the consideration of the community to whose fold it belongs. The number of old women requiring such a home far exceeds the capacity of the institution; and we see from the reports that donations of money, clothing, or food will be acceptable. Adequate support from the benevolent would doubtless enable the managers to dispense with the singular "form of bequest" which is printed on the back of the report.



MRS. SARAH THOMPSON.—[AMBROTYPED BY BRADY.]



MRS. WEATHERSPOON.—[AMBROTYPED BY BRADY.]

THY WILL BE DONE.

"I SHALL never be happy again," quivered the pale lips; "earth and sky are alike dark to me, since they laid my only one in the dust."

"Does religion, then, afford you no consolation?" asked the white-haired pastor, solemnly.

"Does not the thought that you shall go to him lift the vail from your spirit?"

"No, no—I know nothing—think of nothing but that I have lost him—*lost* him! All is a dead blank; my heart is like a stone. Oh! I would give worlds to lose this awful weight—worlds, worlds!"

"And if I should say that this terrible weight may be cast off—this cold heart made warm again!"

"Oh! tell me how, for I am in despair," she cried.

"In one year, dear madam," said the white-haired man, "my only son, grown to manhood, was drowned; my wife laid in her grave; my daughter taken from me by death, and my own health so prostrated that I could no longer minister in holy things to my people."

"How sad!" cried the young widow, clasping her hands, while her eyes filled. "How did you—how *could* you bear it?"

"By looking up to my Father and saying, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Is the prayer new to you?"

"Oh no!" murmured the disconsolate one, her pale face bowed upon her hands; "I say it every day—but—*I have never felt it.*"

The Sabbath came round, and the young widow, for the first time since her husband's death, went to the house of God. On her way she met the white-haired man, and with a gentle but subdued smile she said, "I can bear it now."

A light as from heaven beamed on his aged face. "Then you found His strength sufficient?"

"Yes," she answered; "it was a struggle, but as soon as I felt it was *right*, the load fell off."

And the white-haired pastor, as he stood up to talk to the people, took for his text the words, "Thy will be done."

THE LAST OF A CELEBRATED THIEF.

A LATE steamer brings us news of the death of Vidocq, the celebrated ex-thief and thief-catcher, whose "Memoirs," published in 1829, made his fame almost world-wide. The truth of the old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," was never better proved than in the case of Vidocq, who, after a most brilliant career as thief, burglar, and highwayman, abjured his evil associations, and became at once celebrated as an equally brilliant and unprecedentedly-successful detective, and, during the time he held the office of Chief of the Paris Municipal Police, was the terror of all evil-doers.

In those days it was the policy of the government to have always at the head of the Central Bureau of Police an ex-thief. Vidocq was somehow superseded by Lacour, an equally expert, but less noted reformed rascal. Hereupon M. Vidocq set up on his own private account, and devoted himself to the elucidation of such mysteries of rascality as, for certain reasons, the sufferers or partakers therein found it expedient to keep from the knowledge of the public and the government. He made it his business to hunt up and restore letters which, in recipients' hands, compromised the writers; to keep watch over the morals of wives at the instance of their husbands, or of husbands at the instance of wives; to trace up private robberies in respectable and fashionable circles, where the restoration of the stolen articles was more an object than the exposure of the robber—in short, he was a private detective. In this employment he was very successful, bringing to its duties a thorough knowledge of human nature, great keenness, activity, and decision, and the utmost secrecy. In such services he accumulated in a few years a considerable fortune, and then retired entirely from active life. He has been living for many years in the Quartier Poppincourt, in the midst of poor people, and in great obscurity.

His last act as a private detective was the recovery of part of a sum of 150,000 francs which had been stolen from a rich merchant.

The loser, a middle-aged man, of unprepossessing exterior, laid the case before Vidocq.

"How old is your cashier?" asked the thief-catcher.

"Twenty-five years of age. But I am convinced that he is not the thief: he has lost also a very considerable sum."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How old is your wife? Is she pretty? Is she virtuous?"

"My dear Sir, my wife is a model of virtue and propriety. I can have no possible doubt of her—"

"Perhaps not; but you say your book-keeper is twenty-five years of age, and your wife is pretty—those are facts—is it not so?"

"Yes; if I must say it, my dear wife is beautiful—but—"

"But! I don't want any buts. You desire to recover your money?"

"*Certainement.*"

"And you have faith in me?"

"The fullest."

"*Bien!* Now, go you home, and immediately prepare yourself to depart on a journey of some days. Meantime arrange some method by which I may, unperceived, gain a lodgment in your house."

The merchant departed on his journey, giving his wife due notice. Vidocq concealed himself in a closet of the house, whence he could watch the actions of his client's wife. He had some time to wait. At length she ordered supper to be brought into her private room; and close upon the supper followed a rather handsome young man.

"He is gone, Arthur!" said the lady to the young man. "But I fear that he suspects us, or at least you!"

To this Arthur, the book-keeper, made answer by some assurances of attachment, and a final proposition:

"Let us take the money and fly to America. There we can live in peace and happiness!"

At these words Vidocq emerged from his place of concealment, saying to the wretched pair, in his peculiar way,

"Be quite still, my children, or I will beat your brains out. Where is the money you have appropriated?"

There was a momentary silence—then—

"There are but 100,000 francs left," faltered out the woman.

"In truth?"

"I will swear—"

"Don't trouble yourself, madame; but give me the money."

She opened a secret drawer in her writing-desk, and took thence the money, handing it over in silence to Vidocq, whom both had recognized.

"Now, then, let all this be forgotten by you, madame. Say nothing to your husband of what has occurred. From me he will never know it. And as for you," turning to the book-keeper, "let me have your hand, my young friend."

So saying, he took from his coat-pocket a neat set of shackles, and placed them upon the wrists of the overwhelmed criminal. He took him to Havre, and placed him on board a vessel just sailing for America.

"If you come back, I will have you in the galleys for life, you scoundrel!" were his parting words.

Returning to Paris, he called upon the merchant and handed him 100,000 francs.

"Your book-keeper was the thief. He had already spent 50,000 francs in rioting with a depraved woman," said the imperturbable Vidocq. "He is now on his way to America, and beyond the reach of justice."

The woman kept her secret; and the merchant, whose jealous suspicions had been aroused by the questions of Vidocq, was thenceforth the happiest of husbands.

Notwithstanding his complete retirement, Vidocq was of an ambitious temper, and coveted such honors as he could attain. In his will he made provision for an extensive funeral *cortége*, by directing that a great number of laboring men should receive three francs each to attend his corpse to the grave.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FLORENCE, *June*, 1857.

AMERICAN literature at present appears to be exciting considerable attention in Tuscany. Signor Pietro Rotendi has lately published a translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and other poems, which are very favorably reviewed in the new periodical, "Revista di Firenze," for April of this year, issued at the Le Monnieo press. A preceding number of the same journal has a well-written article upon the "Life and Character of the Countess Ossoli" [Margaret Fuller], by Signor Villori, the same author who has now in preparation the "Life and Times of Savonarola."

The Bostonians will probably, from what I learn, have an opportunity to see, in their Athenæum, the coming season, a few good pictures of the old masters, including a genuine Murillo—an Andalusian girl gathering fruit in her vail—a picture about five feet by three and a half, one of his finest examples of color and naturalism, and one of the best in tone and feeling of Salvator's landscapes, both in fine preservation. I have seen them, and know no better pictures of their kind of those artists in any collection. The American gentleman who owns them desires, as he is about to break up his establishment for a while, to deposit them in a secure place, and to give his countrymen the opportunity to see two undoubtedly fine and well-known pictures of those great masters, as well as a few others, highly interesting and original, the authorship of which can not be traced beyond the schools. A gentleman and artist, who has often been employed by the British Government and noblemen in buying pictures in Italy, and whose experience here extends nearly over half a century, said to me that he considered the Murillo as the greatest acquisition that had been made in Italy within that time. So far as it can be traced, it came from the Duke de Choiseul's gallery, being sold thence in 1772, and catalogued among his pictures.

Enough of pictures. Turn we to the prose element of life. I am often asked in regard to the expenses of living in Florence. If you will permit it, I will give as correct an account as possible through your journal, to those who have in view a residence in Italy for economy, premising that Florence is the cheapest capital city by about 25 per cent. My calculation is for a family of four grown persons—but it must be understood that the prices of all necessaries of life have risen as much in Italy the past five years as in America.

Rent of an unfurnished apartment in a good position, say, per annum, $250 to $350. Do. furnished in the plainest and scantiest way, $500 to $1000. Villas, do., deliciously situated, but wanting in furniture and comfort, from $20 to $60 per month. Good cooks, $8 to $20 per month, and a percentage of 10 to 25 per cent. pickings out of your table expenses. Other servants $2 to $4, and clothe them; from $5 to $12, if they clothe themselves. For one servant in America, you require at least two in Italy. Truth and practical straightforward honesty are unknown among them, because they are never taught them; yet they are good, kind-hearted domestics in general, and not lacking in intelligence, but sadly misdirected by their popish priesthood. I had a young girl come into my family as a chambermaid, who, on the day of her arrival, went to the priest and gave him twenty-five cents to say prayers to the Virgin to propitiate the heart of her new mistress toward her. The other female servant of the household laughed at her, and said "she was a fool for giving her money to the priest. Why did she not do as she did—go and buy wax candles and see them put before the shrine of the Madenna herself? Then she would be sure that the Virgin got her money—but now the priest would pocket it." I presume he must have defrauded the Virgin, for the girl proved an incorrigible thief, and something worse. The common people here have a saying, "To be as bad as a priest," as the climax of evil. But to return to household expenses.

A good carriage and span of horses, per month, $80 to $100. Gentlemen's clothing about one third less than in New York. Ladies' do. about equal to Paris prices, one thing with another, but poorer in quality and choice.

Marketing, when you consider that the Tuscan dollar is nearly equal to $1 10 cts., and their pound is but twelve ounces, is but little cheaper than in America, and inferior in quality and variety. Here people eat less, and consume articles that in the United States are devoted to the swine. The cookery is much superior in wholesomeness, but the scale of providing is diminutive, as compared to the American. Fuel and lights are quite as dear as in America; but of the former not more than half is required for the Italian winter, in comparison with the American. In short, for less than $4000 per annum a small family can not live easily and pleasantly in Florence; and for that sum they are as well off, taking the additional pleasures and advantages of art, cheap carriages, opera, theatre, the public gardens and drives, etc., as more than an offset to a diminution in what we consider the substantial comforts and conveniences of life in America, as they would be on $6000 in New York. Every additional $1000 in luxury would have the effect of $2000 in America; so that $6000 in Florence is quite equal to $10,000 with you.

Florence is not a healthy city, owing to bad water and drainage, and its low position in the Arno, the exhalations from which are most pernicious. Fevers are very common, and throat complaints and lung diseases almost equally so. One of the greatest nuisances in this city is the practice of emptying the vaults of each house three to six times a year—the contents sold to the farmers, who take it out in small barrels through the *front-doors*, soiling the stone entry-ways and sidewalks, and not only rendering sleep out of the question during the night of the operation, from the foul odors and the constant braying of donkeys attached to the carts, but for days after leaving a sickening effluvia throughout the house. In describing Italy, writers fail to mention this drawback upon its picturesque beauty and classical associations; but it is an important one. I am obliged to go out and sleep whenever it occurs in the house in which I reside; and I know of several persons who, having been surprised at night by this process, were awakened from sleep half strangled, and relieved only by violent vomiting. All silver exposed turns black; so you can judge of the quality of the air the Florentines breathe without complaint in these times, for they wonder that any one notices it. It is an institution; as much so as our Fourth of July crackers and accidents.

Besides this, one must become indulgent to unpunctuality and blunders of all kinds among mechanics and tradespeople—lying to please as well as deceive—and utter absence of the faculty of doing things right from pattern or measure, indifference to bodily filth, and unnecessary, vile street habits; to being cheated from principle, as being a foreigner, until, from long residence and fluency in Italian, you are classed as one of themselves, and put upon their scale of prices; to beggary and imposition from all quarters, in virtue of being a stranger; and, most painful of all, to constant and powerful appeals upon your humanity and common sense in cases and things which you are powerless to remedy.

Each Italian city partakes of the character of a prison; for, once within, you can not leave it without permission from the police, and paying no inconsiderable fee. Robberies are very frequent, and public and private morality at a low standard. Such are the shadows of a residence in Italy. The sunny side is too well known for me to add to it my experience, except to say that, with all the drawbacks of Italian life and character, I love Italy and its people, and consider them *au fond*—surpassed by none other. They need but the opportunity to become a noble and powerful nation; but even the best-intentioned of their governments, tempted by pecuniary profit, perpetuates an institution that corrupts the people by making them all a race of gamblers, with more faith in luck, chance, or cheating than in steady industry and honest gains. I presume there are more prayers and vows addressed to Heaven for aid in securing lucky numbers in the national lotteries than for any other cause whatever. The Grand Duke here spends now more on his useless army than the Austrian occupation costs the people. Between soldiers, priests, and rulers the Italians have little left of their own industry to enjoy.

It was but recently that all the neighboring peasantry crowded into Florence to watch the explosions of fire-works attached to a large and gaudily-decorated car in front of the police-office. The fire by which they are set-off is intended to represent the holy fire brought from Jerusalem by an ancestor of the Pazzi family six centuries ago, and who left a large fund to keep it up on Easter Sunday, but most of which the reforming grandfather of the present Grand Duke wisely diverted to more sensible purposes. However, enough was left for a goodly supply of rockets, crackers, squibs, blue-lights, wheels, etc.; and each year they are religiously exploded, according to time-honored custom, at Easter. If they explode with sufficient bang and brilliancy the peasantry go home contented, in the belief that their crops will be good for the year; but if otherwise, their hearts fail them, for it is a sign of a bad harvest. This year the detonations were deafening, and the crowd in excellent humor—the boys pitching into each other after a manner I never before witnessed among the quiet Tuscans.

CICERONE.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

Why are country girls' cheeks like well-printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep the color.

A man being sympathized with on account of his wife's running away, said, "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home.

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not all the more competent to sing "pieces."

A man attempted to seize a favorable opportunity a few days since, but his hold slipped and he fell to the ground considerably injured.

A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

A corset-maker out of work thus vented her complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread, I that have *stayed* the stomachs of thousands."

At a recent trial in Wisconsin, the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whisky, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whisky; in other words the whisky was drunk, and so was the jury.

Elliot's History of New England says that horses were once scarce in New England: "It was a country for cattle rather than horses, and it seems to have been no uncommon thing to ride on bulls. When John Alden went to Cape Cod to marry Priscilla Mullins, he covered his bull with broadcloth, and rode on his back; when he returned he placed his wife there, and led his bull home by the ring in his nose. It is told that Alden first went to ask the hand of Priscilla for his friend Miles Standish. The father referred him to the daughter, who listened with attention; but, fixing her eyes upon Alden's handsome face, she said, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself? The consequence was that, some time after, Priscilla rode home upon John's bull."

An old farmer whose son had died was visited by a neighbor, who began to condole with him on his loss.

"My loss! No such thing; it's his own loss—he was of age."

During a learned lecture by a German adventurer, he illustrated the glory of mechanics as a science thus: "De thing that is *made* is more superior dan de *maker*. I show you how in some things. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach. Very well! dat wheel roll round five hundred mile, and I can not roll one myself! Suppose I am a cooper, what you call, and I make de big tub to hold wine. He holds tons and gallons, and *I can not hold more than five bottles!* So you see dat what is made is more superior dan de maker."

AN IRISH NOTE.—Whereas Patrick O'Conner lately left his lodgings; this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised.

"Mr. Speaker," said a member of the Jamaica Legislature, discussing a bill for the regulation of the timber trade, "I know these timber merchants to be most egregious rascals, as I was in the timber line myself twelve years."

One of the boys tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

"Boy," said a fashionably-dressed young man to the servant of one of his companions, "is your master at home?" "Yes, Sir," replied the boy, "master is at 'ome, but he's confined to his room. He's a growin' of moostarchers, and ain't allowed to see any body but his 'airdresser."

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Some schoolmasters can do it in less than two.

"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine whistle said to the stoker.

"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted. I have sent three treasurers to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your Majesty, I recommend Mivert." "Mivert, you dog?" said Charles; "why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he can not be corrupted, your Majesty," said Sedley.

A country contemporary puffs Ross, the soap man, and his soap, concluding as follows: "The manufacturer of the best soap ever used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have tried it, therefore we know."

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him so bold and undaunted;
But as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, Sir!" and off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with the fiendishest laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried, "Don't!" and the poor fellow don'ted.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her feet,
Praying aloud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?" the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, "How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Love is like a river; if the current be obstructed it will seek some other channel. It is not unfrequently the case that the kisses and attentions bestowed on the child of six years are intended for the sister of sixteen.

A regular Irish bull often contains a great deal of meaning, and sometimes the truth slips out in a very queer way. The following notice, says an exchange, appears on the west side of a country meeting-house: "Any person sticking bills against this church, will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid, to fire his bluid,
That's pressed wi' grief and care.

The following is said to be the private recipe of a funny editor "out West:"

"Take one pint of whisky, stir it well with one spoonful of whisky; then add another pint of whisky; beat carefully with a spoon, and keep pouring in whisky. Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servants set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonfuls of water; pour out the water, and fill up with whisky, and add to the above. Flavor with whisky to your taste."

Humor is felt to be a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit, or the mere ludicrous. It is the combination of the laughable with an element of love, tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection. Wit sweetened by a kind, loving, expression, becomes humor. Men who have little love to their fellows can not be humorists, however witty they may be.

An Irish soldier, who was boasting of his great courage, was asked why he ran away in battle.

"Faith," says Pat, "me heart is bowld as a lion—so it is; but I happen to have a pair of cowardly legs, which always run away with me body whin I'd be after fighting the inimy, bad luck to them?"

A gentleman having been asked, on his return from a party the other evening, whether he had seen Miss A——, a young lady noted for her "low neck" dress, replied that he "had seen a good deal of her."

I'm thinking of the time, Kate, when, sitting by thy side, and shelling beans, I gazed on thee, and felt a wondrous pride. In silence leaned we o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound we heard. Thy auburn curls hung down, Kate, and kissed the lily cheek; azure eyes half filled with tears bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then had ne'er before occurred, when the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I heard. I thought it was not wrong, Kate; so, leaning o'er the dish, as you snatched up a lot of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. And a sudden shower made my eyes blind, and I neither saw nor stirred; but the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I heard.

It is said of a lady, who had just completed her fourth decade, and who had played very loud upon her piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, and *piano* upon her forty.

We have heard a tall story of an Irish Knight, who was once disputing with a French courtier as to the age and standing of their families, when the latter, as a finisher to the argument, said that his ancestors were in the ark with Noah. "That is nothing," said the Hibernian, "for at the deluge my forefathers were cruising about *in a boat of their own.*"

The following is said to be the recipe for making a Rochester alderman's sandwich: Brandy at the bottom, gin at the top, and water between, the latter thin as it can be spread.

An excellent turn was made a few days since at dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts—altogether too good to be lost. A gentleman remarked that ——, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to *get on*, then he sought *honor*, and now he is trying to get *honest*."

A French writer, speaking of Dr. Buckland, the accomplished naturalist, alludes to his celebrated "Bridgewater Treatise," saying that Dr. Buckland has published a work "on the construction of bridges."

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness.

"Why so?"

"Because you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

A poor sailor, wrecked on an unknown coast, wandered about in momentary apprehension of being seized by savages, when he suddenly came in sight of a gallows. "Ah!" said he, "thank God I'm in a civilized country."

A country editor received a remittance, with the request to "send the paper as long as the money lasted." He indulged in a bit of a "spree" next week, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber that, according to his own terms, his subscription was out.

A Dutchman recently went into a bank to deposit a number of Spanish quarters. The teller informed him that they were worth twenty cents. The Dutchman said, "I save 'em because te bills break; now te silver break too!"

TRAVELER. "What time does the railroad get in, Sir?"

LOAFER. "Same time that the dépôt goes out!"

The Boston Traveller says: "Standing near one of the gateways of the monument-ground just before the oration commenced, on the afternoon of the 17th, I noticed a little lad looking wistfully at the big tent. A man, with masonic regalia, passed up, and said to the keeper of the entrance, 'I belong to King Solomon's Lodge, and have been here before.' The lad, overhearing him, stepped bravely up, and said; 'I belong to the lodge in some vast wilderness, and was here six months ago,' and was about to pass in, when the man, evidently amused at the lad's wit, said, 'how large is your wilderness?' 'Large claim,' said the boy; '160 acres.' The man, finding the laugh turned on him by the ready wit of the boy, told him to 'go in.' Half an hour later I saw him in the tent, listening intently to the enrapturing eloquence of Everett; whether his wit took him in there I have no means of knowing, but have no doubt it did."

BEAUTY DEFINED.—Beauty, dear reader, is *the woman you love*, whatever she may seem to others.

An itinerant quack in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hays's rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had lodged for some time.

"I can not 'stract this, stranger," said the would-be doctor; "because to do it would go nigh killin' ye; but I can give ye a box o' pills that will *melt it in yer head!*"

"*So* you would not take me to be twenty!" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka a few evenings since. "What *would* you take me for?" "For better or worse."

A few Sundays ago, at one of our churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows:

"My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart."

Another line received the following rendering:

"And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights."

And still another was sung:

"And take thy pil—and take thy pil—grim home."

In our city there is a lad proverbial as being a bad speller. The school that he attends has among its many rules and regulations one that requires the scholars to spell a column in the dictionary, and "give the meanings," just as the school opens; well, this lad was "foot" of his class. The next day the first word was "admittance." This lad was walking around sight-seeing, when his eye fell upon a circus-bill, which, among other inducements to draw a crowd, had "admittance twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price." Our young friend spelled the word, and recollecting it was the first in his to-morrow's lesson, learned it "by heart." Next day, strange to say, the head boy missed, and the next, and the next, and so on, until it came to our particular friend, who was in the mean time all excitement with the hope of his getting "head," being sanguine that he was right. Here's the result:

TEACHER. "Boy at the foot, spell 'admittance.'"

BOY. "Ad-mit-tance, admittance."

TEACHER. "Give the definition."

BOY. "Twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price!"

The Burlington *Sentinel* addresses the following to an offended subscriber:

A grouty patron of the *Sentinel*
Politely bids us "send the thing to hell;"
A timely hint. 'Tis proper, we confess,
With change of residence to change th' address;
It shall be sent, if Charon's mail will let it,
Where the subscriber will be sure to get it.

A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire. He, however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his timidity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back. She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still, granny; there's five more charges to go off yet!"

Distracted with care, for Phillis the fair,
Young Damon, her lover, resolves in despair,
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love, to a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above would soon finish his woes.
But when he came there, beholding how steep
The sides did appear, and the bottom how deep,
He sadly reflected
That a lover rejected,
A new love may get;
But a neck that's once broken can never be set,
And that he could live but as long as he could,
And that he could die whenever he would;
And how cruel soever his torments might grow,
He scorned to endeavor to finish them so;
And then he very wisely conclu-
Ded that he would not do
What he was going for to go to do.

"John," said a clergyman, to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaler—you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you never take a wee drap yourself, Sir?" inquired John.

"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Verra true," quoth John, "but, Sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were keepit sae clean?"

"No, John, I can not tell you that."

"Weel, Sir, it was just because every one keepit his own door clean!" replied John, with an air of triumph.

We lately met a grammarian, who had just made a tour through the mines, conjugating, or rather, cogitating thus: "Positive, *mine;* comparative, *miner;* superlative, *minus!*"

LOVE FELL OUT: THE LAMB FELL IN.

I told my love, one summer day,
How beautiful the sunshine lay
Upon the bosom of the sea;
And added, "Thus my love for thee
Spreads over every thought of mine,
And makes its memory divine."

I told of Petrarch—known to fame—
Linked with the peerless Laura's name;
How Tasso, though in prison hall,
Could still on Eleanora call;
And added, "Let me like them be
Thus known to fame by loving thee."

Then, as we watched the sheep at play
In fields sweet-scented by the hay,
I waited for some answering word—
Nor waited long. A noise was heard!
And then she said, "Oh, Willie, look—
The speckled lamb's fell in the brook!"

Oh, Love fell out when Lamb fell in!
I left the charming fields of Lynn;
The maiden with the flaxen locks
I left beside the rill and rocks;
And vowed, when next my love was told,
All sorts of sheep should be in fold.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, June* 22, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were moderately active during the week. Breadstuffs were more freely offered, and though there prevailed a fair inquiry, chiefly for home use, prices declined materially. We now quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $5 80 @ $6 60; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 10 @ $6 50; low to choice extra Western do. $6 50 @ $10 25; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 00 @ $10 00; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 20 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 00 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 25 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 00 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 30 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat $1 70 @ $1 98; Red Wheat $1 40 @ $1 70; Mixed Corn 80 @ 84 c.; Yellow Corn 88 @ 90 c.; White Corn 88 @ 93 c.; Rye $1 18 @ $1 22; Western Oats 63 @ 67 c.; State do. 55 @ 64 c.; Jersey do. 60 @ 64 c.; Southern do. 54 @ 57 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 75, per bushel. Cotton opened pretty briskly at advancing prices, but closed tamely, owing to the reluctance of buyers to concede asking rates. Middling Uplands 14¼ @ 14½ c.; do. Gulfs 14¼ @ 14½ c.; and other grades at proportionate rates, per pound. Provisions have been in good demand at full prices for all kinds save Pork, which deteriorated. Mess Pork $23 00; Prime Pork $19 00; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $31 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 00 @ $23 50 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14¼ @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 18 @ 26 c.; Cheese 6 @ 10½ c., per pound. Groceries exhibit no important change in demand or value. Hay is dull and heavy, closing at 70 @ 80 c. per 100 pounds. Hemp is inactive and somewhat nominal. Hops are also quiet, but they are very firm. Stock limited. Rice is selling slowly at old rates: $4 25 @ $5 25 for common to prime per 100 pounds. Grass Seeds, Tobacco, and Wool remain as last noticed.

Freights continued dull and heavy. To Liverpool—Cotton, 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3½d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 3d. @ 6d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 5s. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations. There were in this port on Saturday, 753 vessels, including 29 steamers, 170 ships, 144 barks, 115 brigs, and 295 schooners.

The Live Stock Market was tame and heavy, the supply, especially of Beeves, exceeding the requirements of purchasers. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, reached 2567 Beeves, 270 Milch Cows, 969 Veal Calves, 8586 Sheep and Lambs, and 3056 Swine, against 3191 Beeves, 254 Milch Cows, 1268 Veal Calves, 6777 Sheep and Lambs, and 1622 Swine, the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Kentucky. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 11 c. for the poorest, to 13½ c. for premium cattle per pound—the general average having been 12 c. per pound. About 200 head remained unsold at a late hour last Wednesday evening, and will probably be retained for another market. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were generally abundant and dull, though not cheaper. Veal Calves were in pretty brisk demand, and they advanced to 5 @ 8 c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were quite plenty, and they declined 50 @ 75 c. per head, yet the inquiry lacked vigor. Swine were also freely offered at reduced prices, while buyers purchased reservedly, including lots of corn-fed at 7½ c. for live, and 9 @ 9½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market was freely supplied with early vegetables, which were quickly sold at rates less in favor of factors than consumers. Strawberries were plentier and cheaper, with a pretty lively inquiry for them. Eggs were in light supply and higher, but not active. Poultry attracted very little attention, and prices were somewhat nominal.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@	$8 00
" Dried, State, per pound	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound	10	@	12
Strawberries, per basket	3	@	5½
Cherries, per pound	12	@	15
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
" " (unpeeled), per pound	9	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Gooseberries, per bushel	$3 50	@	$4 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 00
" new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$6 50
" Sweet, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
Onions, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$3 50
" per pound	2½	@	3
Turnips, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
" new, per 100 bunches	$4 00	@	$6 00
Tomatoes, per box	75	@	$1 00
Asparagus, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 50
Spinach, per barrel	50	@	87½
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
Rhubarb, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	$2 00	@	$4 00
White Beans, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 25
String Beans, new, per barrel	$6 00	@	$7 00
Green Beans, per barrel	$6 00	@	$7 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches	75	@	$1 25
Squashes, new, per barrel	$5 00	@	—
Parsley, per 100	$3 00	@	$4 00
Beets, per barrel	$4 00	@	$5 00
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	21
" State, per pound	18	@	26
Cheese, State, per pound	6	@	10½
Lard, per pound	14¼	@	14½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17	@	18
Fowls, per pound	18	@	20
Live Fowls, per pair	75	@	$1 00
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	16	@	17
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	18
Geese, per pound	10	@	14
Pigeons, wild, per dozen	75	@	$1 25
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 50
Beef, per pound	9½	@	14½
Mutton, per pound	10	@	14
Lamb, per pound	11	@	15
Veal, per pound	10	@	12½
Pork, per pound	8½	@	9½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, June* 22, 1857.

THE commercial movement of the week at this port was large, as usual.

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 20, 1857	$4,214,790	$1,954,659
Corresponding week, 1856	4,496,727	1,626,407

Goods accumulate enormously in the public stores, and will continue to do so till after the 1st of July, when duties will begin to be paid on large lots of dry goods and liquors for consumption.

The feature of the week was the continued large export of specie, which exceeded the export anticipated by fully a million. Besides the shipment from Boston, over two millions were sent out from this port, mainly per *Vanderbilt* and *Atlantic* on Saturday, thus making the total shipment for the year from this port over twenty millions of dollars.

The banks are beginning to feel this heavy drain, and symptoms of contraction are visible. Money will, in July, probably rise to the old rates of 10 and 12 per cent. Under the apprehension, stocks have lost the advance they made during last week, and the speculative kinds are very low, comparatively. The demand for State securities and bonds is small.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LITTLE PILGRIM!!

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST paper for children extant. It contains beautiful pictures, charming stories, poetry, anecdotes, puzzles, charades, enigmas, &c., &c. The July Number has, besides other interesting matter, an ORIGINAL IRISH SKETCH, by the famous English Authoress,

MRS. S. C. HALL,

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66 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Whereas certain PERFUMERS in the United States are offering for Sale
FRANGIPANNI PERFUME
Of a spurious nature, in imitation of the real article made by PIESSE & LUBIN,
This is to caution the PUBLIC that none is genuine but what has the name of
PIESSE & LUBIN,
of NEW BOND STREET, LONDON,
Pressed on the Bottles, and sold by INGER & CO.,
309 Broadway.

SUMMER CLOTHING AT EVANS' EXTENSIVE CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton Street (Between Gold and Cliff Streets), New York.

The largest Stock of ready-made Summer Clothing in the City of New York, may be found at this extensive Establishment. Not one man in a hundred fails to be suited in every respect; and as regards price, EVANS flatters himself that he *can* and *does under-sell* every other *clothier* in the city, for instance:

Zephyr Cassimere Suits (to be found here, and here only), consisting of Coat, Pantaloons, and Vest	$8 00 to 10 00
Black Cloth Suits	12 00 to 25 00
Check Marseilles Suits	4 00 to 8 00
White Duck Suits	6 00 to 12 00
Thin Suits, as cheap as	2 50
Black Alpaca Suits	5 00 to 10 00
Elegant Everlasting Drap d'été Coats	4 00 to 14 00
Alpaca Coats	1 50 to 6 00
Cassimere Business Coats	2 50 to 10 00
Black Cloth Frock-Coats	5 50 to 20 00
White Duck Coats	2 50 to 6 00
Summer Coats, of every description	75 to 5 00
An endless variety of fancy Cassimere Pants	1 50 to 6 00
Black Pants	2 50 to 6 00
Summer Pants of every description	75 to 3 00
Silk, Satin, Cassimere, Marseilles, and other Summer Vestings	1 00 to 5 00

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVANS', 66 and 68 Fulton Street, N. Y.

JOUVEN'S GLOVE CLEANER.

The Economical can instantly clean their own Kid Gloves with the *Genuine* French Preparation, without the slightest smell. One Bottle cleans 50 Pair. *Price 25 cents.* J. W. POWELL, Proprietor, 502 Broadway.

1857. OUR LATE STYLE OF SPRING and Summer Garments are now ready and on Sale. As most of these are from fabrics imported by and confined to us, and got up with great taste, it will be to the interest of our friends to make an early selection. The stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings in our Custom Room is the largest and most elegant ever exposed in this city.

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FURNISHING GOODS.—We offer a large and superior stock of every description of Shirts, Gloves, and Under Garments for Spring and Summer Wear. Special attention is now paid to the manufacture of Shirts of the newest styles, either ready made or made to order, and at moderate prices.

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COGNAC AND CHAMPAGNE BRANDIES.

ALEXANDRE SEIGNETTE'S, P. L'EVÊQUE and A. DELUCE'S ROCHELLE BRANDIES. Gin, St. Croix, and Jamaica Rum. Also Sherry, Port, Madeira, and Claret Wines. Fruits, Oil, Walnuts, Castile Soap, &c.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAUNDRY,
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Sold by all respectable Grocers and Druggists throughout the Union.
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IRON GARDEN ORNAMENTS.—Over thirty different patterns and sizes of Vases, from $2 00 to $100 00 each.

Fountains suitable for public parks, private grounds, and conservatories. Several new designs now ready.

Summer Houses, Settees, Vine and Balcony Trainers, Statuary Deer, Eagles, Dogs, Lambs, &c.

Iron Horse Mangers, Hay Racks, and Stable Partitions; Feed Troughs for Swine and Poultry.

Iron Bedsteads for hospitals, seminaries, and private houses.

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CITY LADIES and LADIES VISITING the CITY, can find Ladies' Gaiter and Button Boots from 12s. to 24s. Slippers, Ties, and Toilet Slips from 6s. to 14s. With Boys, Misses, and Children's Boots and Shoes of all kinds and prices,
At J. B. MILLER & CO.'S, 134 Canal Street, N. Y.

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FRANGIPANNI EXTRACTS,	FRANGIPANNI POMADE,
" HAIR OIL,	" SOAP,
" TOOTH POWDER,	" SACHET.

These new, elegant, and recherché perfumeries are from the Laboratory of Messrs. R. & G. A. Wright, SOLE ORIGINATORS AND MANUFACTURERS in this Country. The Perfume Frangipanni is an Oriental production, brought in its original state into this country, and prepared in its various forms by them.

The admiration and demand for these articles is beyond precedent, and, in consequence, a variety of imitations are springing up; but these, whether of
HOME MANUFACTURE
OR
SOLD AS "IMPORTATIONS,"
have only an evanescent fragrance, AND SHOULD BE AVOIDED BY PURCHASERS. For sale by all the Druggists in the United States, Canada, and South America.

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BOGLE'S Hyperion Fluid for Growth of Hair,
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BOGLE'S Balm of Cytherea for the Complexion
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3. It is the most AGREEABLE to use.
4. It is the CLEANEST and most CAREFULLY PREPARED.
5. It is the most HIGHLY PERFUMED.
6. It is the only article that never fails to give ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

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Has just received
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THOSE DESIRABLE GOODS,
To which he invites the attention of the Ladies.
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And 63 LISPENARD STREETS.

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A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT,
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CATARRH!—Victims of this disease!—Pitiable victims also of medical ignorance and failure!—But still more the miserable dupes of mercenary nostrums and "humbugs."—Your confidence has been misplaced—your hopes blighted—your purse drained—and your patience exhausted! No wonder you complain, and say, "I thought doctors could cure Catarrh, but I find their prescriptions no better than quack snuffs."—Too true. But, suspend your complaint; cherish your confidence. Catarrh *can* be cured. It is *now* understood. Dr. R. GOODALE *knows* its origin, cause, and the means of cure. He does not *guess* at them. He invites the worst cases to the test of his "*Errhine*"—a liquid to be inhaled only, and, if presented at 385 Broadway, N. Y., the fact of its curability will be fully demonstrated.

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